

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIV.

MAY, 1887.

NO. 7.

[Copyright, 1887, by THE CENTURY CO.]

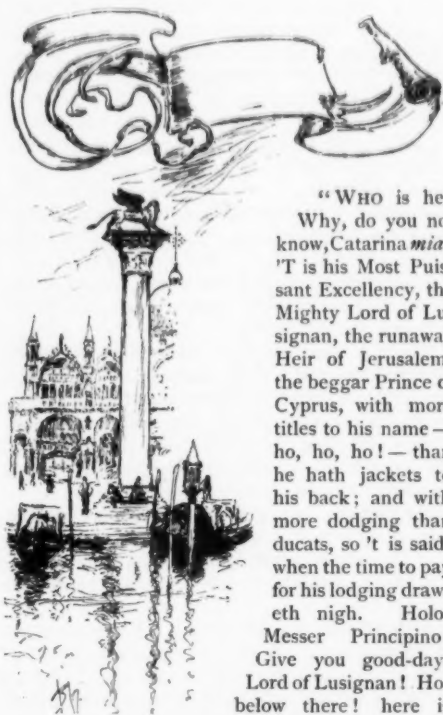
## HISTORIC GIRLS.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

CATARINA OF VENICE! THE GIRL OF THE GRAND CANAL.

(Afterward known as *Catarina Cornaro*, Queen of Cyprus and "Daughter of the Republic.")

A. D. 1466.



"WHO is he?  
Why, do you not  
know, *Catarina mia*?  
'T is his Most Pui-  
sant Excellency, the  
Mighty Lord of Lu-  
signan, the runaway  
Heir of Jerusalem,  
the beggar Prince of  
Cyprus, with more  
titles to his name —  
ho, ho, ho! — than  
he hath jackets to  
his back; and with  
more dodging than  
ducats, so 't is said,  
when the time to pay  
for his lodging draw-  
eth nigh. Holo,  
Messer Principino!  
Give you good-day,  
Lord of Lusignan! Ho,  
below there! here is  
tribute for you!"

And down upon the head of a certain sad-faced, seedy-looking young fellow in the *piazza*, or square, beneath, descended a rattling shower of bonbons, thrown by the hand of the speaker, a brown-faced Venetian lad of sixteen.

But little *Catarina Cornaro*, just freed from the imprisonment of her convent-school at Padua, felt her heart go out in pity toward this homeless young prince, who just now seemed to be the butt for all the riot and teasing of the boys of the Great Republic.

"Nay, nay, my Giorgio," she said to her brother; "'t is neither fair nor wise so to beset one in dire distress. The good sisters of our school have often told us that 't is better to be a beggar than a dullard; and sure yon prince, as you do say he is, looketh to be no dolt. But ah, see there!" she cried, leaning far over the gayly draped balcony; "see, he can well use his fists, can he not! Nay, though, 't is a shame so to beset him, say I. Why should our lads so misuse a stranger, and a prince?"

It was the Feast Day of St. Mark, one of the jolliest of the old-time holidays of Venice, that wonderful city of the sea, whose patron and guardian St. Mark, the apostle, was supposed to be. Gondolas, rich with draperies of every hue that completely concealed their frames of somber black, shot in and out, and up and down all the water-streets of the beautiful city; while towering palace and humbler dwelling alike were gay with gorgeous hangings and fluttering streamers.

In noticeable contrast with all the brilliant costumes and laughing faces around him was the lad who just now seemed in so dire a strait. He had paused to watch one of the passing pageants from the steps of the Palazzo Cornaro, quite near the spot where, a century later, the famous bridge known as the Rialto spanned the Street of the Nobles, or Grand Canal,—always one of the most notable spots in the history of Venice the Wonderful.

The lad was indeed a prince, the representative of a lordly house that for more than five hundred years had been strong and powerful, first as barons of France, and later as rulers of the Crusaders' Kingdom of Jerusalem and the barbaric but wealthy island of Cyprus. But poor Giacomo, or James, of Lusignan, royal prince though he was, had been banished from his father's court in Cyprus. He had dared rebel against the authority of his stepmother, a cruel Greek princess from Constantinople, who ruled her feeble old husband and persecuted her spirited young stepson, the Prince Giacomo.

And so, with neither money nor friends to help him on, he had wandered to Venice. But Venice in 1466, a rich, proud, and prosperous city, was a very poor place for a lad who had neither friends nor money; for, of course, the royal prince of a little island in the Mediterranean could not so demean himself as to soil his hands with work!

So I imagine that young Prince Giacomo had anything but a pleasant time in Venice. On this particular Feast Day of St. Mark, I am certain that he was having the most unpleasant of all his bitter experiences, as, backed up against one of the columns of the Cornaro Palace, he found himself surrounded by a crowd of thoughtless young Venetians, who were teasing and bullying him to the full content of their brutal young hearts.

The Italian temper is known to be both hot and hasty; but the temper of oriental Cyprus is even more fiery, and so it was not surprising that, in this most one-sided fray, the fun soon became fighting in earnest; for anger begets anger.

All about the young Prince was a tossing throng of restless and angry boys, while the beleaguered lad, still at bay, answered taunt with taunt.

At this instant the door of the Cornaro Palace opened quickly, and the Prince Giacomo felt himself drawn bodily within; while a bright-faced young girl with flashing eye and defiant air confronted his greatly surprised tormentors.

"Shame, shame upon you, boys of Venice," she cried, "thus to ill-use a stranger in your town! Is a score of such as you against one poor lad the boasted chivalry of Venice? *Eh via!* the very fisher-lads of Mendicoli could teach you better ways!"

Taken quite aback by this sudden apparition and these stinging words, the boys dispersed with scarce an attempt to reply, and all the more hastily because they spied, coming up the Grand Canal, the gorgeous gondola of the Companions of the Stocking, an association of young men under whose charge and supervision all the pageants and displays of old Venice were given.

So the *piazza* was speedily cleared; and the Prince Giacomo, with many words of thanks to his young and unknown deliverer, hurried from the spot which had so nearly proved disastrous to him.

Changes came suddenly in those unsettled times. Within two years both the Greek stepmother and the feeble old king were dead; and Prince Giacomo, after a struggle for supremacy with his half-sister Carlotta, became King of Cyprus.

Now Cyprus, though scarcely as large as the State of Connecticut, was a very desirable possession, and one that Venice greatly coveted. Some of her citizens owned land there, and among these was Marco Cornaro, father of Catarina. And so it happened that, soon after the accession of King Giacomo, Messer Andrea Cornaro, the uncle of Catarina, came to Cyprus to inspect and improve the lands belonging to his brother Marco.

Venice, in those days, was so great a power that the Venetian merchants were highly esteemed in all the Courts of Europe. And Uncle Andrea, who had probably loaned the new King of Cyprus a goodly store of Venetian ducats, became quite friendly with the young monarch and gave him much sage advice.

One day—it seemed as if purely by accident, but those old Venetians were both shrewd and far-seeing—Uncle Andrea, talking of the glories of Venice, showed to King Giacomo a picture of his niece, Catarina Cornaro, then a beautiful girl of fourteen.

King Giacomo came of a house that was quick to form friendships and antipathies, loves and hates. He became infatuated with the picture,—so the story goes,—and expressed to Andrea Cornaro his desire to see and know the original.

"That face seemeth strangely familiar, Messer Cornaro," he said.

He held the portrait in his hands and seemed struggling with an uncertain memory. Suddenly his face lighted up and he exclaimed joyfully:

"So; I have it! Messer Cornaro, I know your niece."

"You know her, sire?" echoed the surprised Uncle Andrea.

"Ay, that indeed do I," said the King. "This is the same fair and brave young maiden who delivered me from a rascal rout of boys on the

Grand Canal at Venice, on St. Mark's Day, scarce two years ago." And King Giacomo smiled and bowed at the picture as if it were the living Catarina instead of her simple portrait.

Here now was news for Uncle Andrea. Like a Venetian and a Cornaro, he turned it to the best advantage. His niece Catarina, he assured the King, was as good as she was beautiful, and as clever as she was both.

"But then," he declared, "Venice hath many fair daughters, sire, whom the King's choice would honor, and Catarina is but a young maid yet. Would it not be wiser, when you choose a queen, to select some older *donzella* for your bride? Though it will, I can aver, be hard to choose a fairer."

It is just such half-way opposition that renders a nature like that of this young monarch all the more determined. No! King Giacomo would have Catarina, and Catarina only, for his bride and queen.

But shrewd Uncle Andrea still feared the jealousy of his fellow-Venetians. Why should the house of Cornaro, they would demand, be so openly preferred? And so, at his suggestion, an ambassador was dispatched to Venice soliciting an alliance with the great republic, and asking from the Senate for his highness, the King of Cyprus, the hand of some high-born maid of Venice in marriage. But the ambassador had special and secret instructions from King Giacomo just how and whom to choose.

The ambassador came to Venice, and soon the Senate issued its commands that, upon a certain day, the noblest and fairest of the daughters of Venice—one from each of the patrician families—should appear in the great Council Hall of the Ducal Palace, in order that the ambassador of the King of Cyprus might select a fitting bride for his royal master. It reads quite like one of the old fairy-stories, does it not?

The Palace of the Doges—the Palazzo Ducale of old Venice—is familiar to all who have ever seen a picture of the Square of St. Mark, the best known spot in that famous City of the Sea. It is the low, rectangular, richly decorated building with its long row of columns and arcades so well described by Mr. Stockton in *ST. NICHOLAS* some months ago. It has seen many a splendid pageant, but it never witnessed a fairer sight than when, on a certain bright day of the year 1468, seventy-two of the daughters of Venice, gorgeous in the rich costumes of that most lavish city of a lavish age, gathered in the great *Consiglio*, or Council Hall.

Up the *Scala d'Oro*, or Golden Staircase, built solely for the use of the nobles, came these girls of Venice, escorted by the ducal guards in their rich-

est uniforms. The great Council Hall was one mass of color; the splendid dresses of the ladies, the scarlet robes of the senators and high officials of the Republic, the imposing vestments of the old Doge, Cristoforo Moro, as he sat in state upon his massive throne, and the bewildering array of the seventy-one candidates for a king's choice. Seventy-one, I say, for in all that company of puffed and powdered, coifed and combed young ladies, standing tall and uncomfortable on their ridiculously high-heeled shoes, one alone was simply dressed and apparently unaffected by the gorgeousness of her companions,—the seventy-second and youngest of them all.

She was a fair girl of fourteen. Face and form were equally beautiful, and a mass of "dark gold hair" crowned her "queenly head." While the other girls appeared nervous or anxious, she seemed unconcerned, and her face wore even a peculiar little smile, as if she were contrasting the poor badgered young prince of St. Mark's Day with the present King of Cyprus hunting for a bride. "*Eh via!*" she said to herself, "it is almost as if it were a revenge upon us for our former churlishness, that he now puts us thus to shame."

The ambassador of Cyprus, swarthy of face and stately in bearing, entered the great hall. With him came his attendant retinue of Cypriote nobles. Kneeling before the Doge, the ambassador presented the petition of his master, the King of Cyprus, seeking alliance and friendship with Venice.

"And the better to secure this and the more firmly to cement it, *Eccellenza*," said the ambassador, "my lord and master the King doth crave from your puissant State the hand of some high-born damsel of the Republic, as that of his loving and acknowledged Queen."

The old Doge waved his hand toward the fair and waiting seventy-two.

"Behold, noble sir," he said; "the fairest and noblest of our maidens of Venice. Let your eye seek among these a fitting bride for your lord, the King of Cyprus, and it shall be our pleasure to give her to him in such manner as shall suit the power and dignity of the State of Venice."

Courteous and stately still, but with a shrewd and critical eye, the ambassador of Cyprus slowly passed from candidate to candidate, with here a pleasant word and there a look of admiration, to this one a honeyed compliment upon her beauty, to that one a bit of praise for her elegance of dress.

How oddly all this sounds to us with our modern and better ideas of propriety and good taste.

But, as we know, the King had already decided

to whom the prize of his crown should go; and so, at the proper time, the critical ambassador stopped before a slight girl of fourteen, dressed in a robe of simple whtie.

"*Donzella mia*," he said courteously but in a low tone, "are not you the daughter of Messer Marco Cornaro, the noble merchant of the Via Merceria?"

"I am, my lord," the girl replied.

"My royal master greets you through me," he said. "He recalls the day when you sheltered him from danger, and he invites you to share with him the throne of Cyprus. Shall this be as he wishes?"

And the girl, with a deep courtesy, in acknowledgment of the stately obeisance of the ambassador, said simply, "That shall be, my lord, as my father and his Excellency shall say."

The ambassador of Cyprus took the young girl's hand, and, conducting her through all that splendid company, presented her before the Doge's throne.

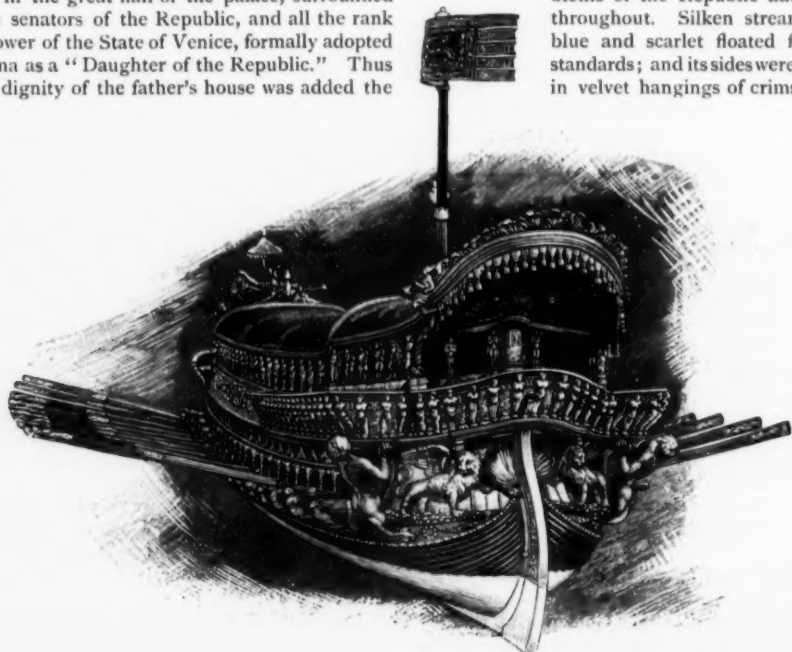
"*Eccellenza*," he said, "Cyprus hath made her choice. We present to you, if so it shall please your Grace, our future Queen, this fair young maid, Catarina, the daughter of the noble Marco Cornaro, merchant and senator of the Republic."

History records the splendors of the ceremonial with which the gray-haired old Doge, Cristoforo Moro, in the great hall of the palace, surrounded by the senators of the Republic, and all the rank and power of the State of Venice, formally adopted Catarina as a "Daughter of the Republic." Thus to the dignity of the father's house was added the

majesty of the Great Republic. Her marriage portion was placed at one hundred thousand ducats, and Cyprus was granted, on behalf of this "Daughter of the Republic," the alliance and protection of Venice.

The ambassador of Cyprus, standing before the altar of St. Mark's as the personal representative of his master, King Giacomo, was married as "proxy" to the young Venetian girl; while the Doge, representing the Republic, gave her away in marriage; and Catarina Cornaro, amid the blessings of the priests, the shouts of the people, and the demonstrations of clashing music and waving banners, was solemnly proclaimed Queen of Cyprus, of Jerusalem and Armenia.

But the display did not end here. Following the splendors of the marriage ceremony and the wedding-feast, came the pageant of departure. The Grand Canal was ablaze with gorgeous colors and decorations. The broad water-steps of the Piazza of St. Mark were soft with carpets of tapestry, and at the foot of the stairs floated the most beautiful boat in the world, the Bucentaur, or State Barge, of Venice. Its high, carved prow and hull were one mass of golden decorations. White statues of the saints, carved heads of the lion of St. Mark, the Doge's cap and the emblems of the Republic adorned it throughout. Silken streamers of blue and scarlet floated from its standards; and its sides were draped in velvet hangings of crimson and



THE BUCENTAUR, OR STATE BARGE OF VENICE.



royal purple. The long oars were scarlet and gold, and the rowers were resplendent in suits of blue and silver. A great velvet-covered throne stood on the upper deck, and at its right was a chair of state, glistening with gold.

whom he had contended for his throne, or by some mercenary of Venice, who desired the island realm for that voracious Republic.

But the Republic was not to find an easy prey. The young Queen Catarina proclaimed her baby boy



THE DUCENTAUR BEARING QUEEN CATARINA AND THE BRIDAL TRAIN.

Down the tapestried staircase came the Doge of Venice, and resting upon his arm, in a white bridal dress covered with pearls, walked the "Daughter of the Republic"—the girl Queen Catarina.

Soon they seated themselves upon their sumptuous thrones, their glittering retinue filled the beautiful boat, the scarlet oars dipped into the water; and then, with music playing, banners streaming, and a grand escort of boats, flashing with decorations and gorgeous with mingling colors, the bridal train floated down the Grand Canal. On past the outlying islands and between the great fortresses to where, upon the broad Adriatic, the galleys were waiting to take the new Queen to her island kingdom off the shores of Greece. And there, in his queer old town of Famagusta, built with a curious commingling of Saracen, Grecian, and Norman ideas, King Giacomo met his bride.

So they were married, and for five happy years all went well with the young King and Queen. Then came troubles. King Giacomo died suddenly, from a cold caught while hunting, so it was said; though some averred that he had been poisoned, either by his half-sister Carlotta, with

King of Cyprus, and defied the Great Republic. Venice, surprised at this rebellion of its adopted daughter, dispatched embassy after embassy to demand submission. The young mother, however, was brave and boldly maintained the rights of her son.

But he, too, died. Then Catarina, true to the memory of her husband and her boy, strove to retain her rule. For years she reigned as Queen of Cyprus, despite the threatenings of her home Republic and the conspiracies of her enemies. Her one answer to the demands of Venice was:

"Tell the Republic I have determined never again to marry. When I am dead, the throne of Cyprus shall go to the State, my heir. But until that day I am Queen of Cyprus!"

At length her brother Giorgio, the same who in earlier days had looked down with her from the Cornaro Palace upon the outcast Prince of Cyprus, came to her as ambassador of the Republic. His entreaties, and his assurance that, unless she complied with the Senate's demand, the protection of Venice would be withdrawn, and the island kingdom left a prey to Saracen pirates and African

robbers, at last carried the day. Worn out with long contending,—fearful, not for herself but for her subjects of Cyprus,—Catarina yielded to the demands of the Senate, abdicated in favor of the Republic and returned to Venice. The same wealth of display and ceremonial that had attended her departure welcomed the return of this obedient daughter of the Republic, now no longer a light-hearted young girl, but a dethroned Queen, a widowed and childless woman.

She was allowed to retain her royal title of Queen of Cyprus, and a noble domain was given her for a home, in the territory of Asola, high up among the northern hills. Here in a massive castle she held her court. It was a bright and happy company, the home of poetry and music, the arts, and all the culture and refinement of that age when learning belonged to the few and the people were sunk in dense ignorance.

Here Titian, the great artist, painted the portrait of the exiled Queen that has come down to us. Here she lived for years, sad in her memories of the past but happy in her helpfulness of others.

The end came, however, and while on her way to visit her brother Giorgio in Venice, she was stricken with a sudden fever, and on the fifth day of July, 1510, she died in the palace in which she had played as a child.

With pomp and display, as was the wont of the Great Republic, the funeral procession slowly passed out from the great hall of the Palazzo Cornaro, across the heavily draped bridge that spanned the Grand Canal from the water-gate of the Palace, and along the broad *piazza* crowded with a silent throng. And in the great Cornaro tomb in the family chapel at last was laid to rest the sorrowful Queen of Cyprus, the once bright and beautiful "Daughter of the Republic."

## MAY.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.



MAY shall make the world anew:

Golden sun and silver dew—  
 Money minted in the sky—  
 Shall the earth's new garments buy,  
 May shall make the orchard bloom:  
 And the blossoms' fine perfume  
 Shall set all the honey-bees  
 Murmuring among the trees,  
 May shall make the bud appear  
 Like a jewel, crystal clear,  
 'Mid the leaves upon the limb  
 Where the robin lifts his hymn.  
 May shall make the wild-flowers tell  
 Where the shining snow-flakes fell:  
 Just as though each snow-flake's heart,  
 By some secret, magic art,  
 Were transmuted to a flower  
 In the sunlight and the shower.  
 Is there such another, pray,  
 Wonder-making month as May?

## JUAN AND JUANITA.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.



"THE MOMENT HAD COME!" (SEE P. 493.)

## CHAPTER VII.

EVEN Juan did not dare approach the Indian camp by daylight, and he and Nita remained concealed on the cliff all the next day until it was quite dark. It was weary work waiting for the hours to pass, but there was no help for it; and as for Amigo, he was disgusted to find himself in fault no matter what he did. The friendliest bark or whine seemed to be misinterpreted; an inno-

cent frisk, gambol, or growl was instantly suppressed; and every little diversion in the way of running into the bushes got him into trouble. Finally he gave up trying to understand these senseless whims of his capricious mistress and disagreeable master, and curled himself up at Nita's feet in a very sulky mood. But when Juan took himself off at evening to find out what the Indians were doing, and Nita showed her appreciation of her four-footed companion's services as a faithful

and devoted friend, by putting one arm around his neck and confiding to him that she was lonely and frightened, Amigo weakly relented and became his usual forgiving, loving, slobbering self. Juan returned sooner than she expected, and seemed well satisfied with his observations.

"They are all packed and ready to start; they will be off before daylight to-morrow morning, you will see," he announced cheerfully, and he was not mistaken. While it was still dark he climbed to the top of a great oak that commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country, and

"and now come! Don't stay here another minute. They will not be back here for many a day. They have sent the old men and most of the provisions home, and the others, I think, are off on a raid."

Moved by an impulse of natural curiosity they went at once to the deserted camp. The children found only the remains of a fire, the scaffolding on which the meat had been dried and, scattered on the ground, a few handfuls of corn which they eagerly picked up. But fortunately, just as they were leaving, Nita spied a strip of venison that had been overlooked, hanging from a cross-pole.

When they returned to the river, Juan exclaimed, "Now that we can build a fire, I'll catch some fish. If the Indians see the smoke, they will think their own camp fire has caught some dry wood and blazed up; but I'll not make more than is necessary."

On examining the pack, however, Juan found everything except what he most needed and had counted on. The fishing-tackle that he had so ingeniously constructed was nowhere to be found! It had been forgotten and left behind in a corner of the cave, and the children almost quarreled in the eagerness with which each tried to prove that it was the fault of the other. But the fact remained, and another fact was equally certain—the tackle could not be duplicated. So they made the best of a bad situation, and sat down on the river's bank, under the shade of a group of grand old oaks, and ate slowly and sparingly of the dry corn and drier meat that not all the water at hand could make very palatable.

The children were further aggravated by the behavior of the fish below them, which, as if fully understanding what had happened, would swim lazily around and about the roots of a willow that overhung the stream, bump their noses against the bank, and eye the children impudently, as if to say, "Oh, you are there, are you? Why don't you come and catch us, pray?" and then swim lazily away again. They would rush at little sticks which Juan threw in, showing him what he could do if only, instead of loose sticks, he had bait on a hook attached to a line. At last he could stand it no longer. He could not fish, but he would shoot. Together the children tramped many a mile that day, but what little game they saw fled before them, and it was with great difficulty that,



NITA AND AMIGO "MAKE UP."

smiled, well pleased, when he saw the Indians file slowly out of the woods, their slouching figures dimly visible in the uncertain light. The band appeared a black dot on the plain for a time, then two black dots, as after a halt it separated, one party turning their faces to the south, the other toward the northwest. Juan was shouting and laughing so joyously and triumphantly when he came scrambling up the sides of the cliff, that he awoke Nita from a sound sleep in a fright that she had been discovered by her dreaded enemies.

"Gone! gone! all gone!" shouted out Juan;

with Amigo's help, Juan got one rabbit late in the afternoon.

"Oh, dear! when we get food, we never have any water; and when we get water, the food always gives out," complained Nita.

"There is no use in our staying here. We should starve. The Indians have been here too long. We will start again this evening," said Juan, disappointed of the rest and comfort he had expected, anxious to linger near the river, yet afraid to do so.

With the fixed idea of reaching Mexico, Juan took his bearings afresh and crossed the river before dark, facing southwest. That evening the children walked eight miles and slept in the open prairie.

All the next day they trudged along patiently under a hot sun. The day after, they began to suffer again from the old heat and thirst and hunger, the old weariness and depression. At the close of that day they gnawed eagerly at the one bone left from their rabbit; it was then given to Amigo, who ground it to powder with his strong white teeth and stood at "attention," waiting for more. They had kept a sharp lookout for something to eat, but the game was still unapproachable. They were so hungry that they could not go to sleep for the gnawing pain they were enduring, and Juan dug up some roots with which to satisfy this craving. At last, overcome by their great weariness, they dropped off to troubled slumber and awoke to another ten hours of varied and acute physical misery. Happily Juan had found at the camp a leathern bottle which had been discarded or forgotten by the Indians, and this he had filled at the river. It saved them much suffering, but a diet of roots and tepid water is not the most strengthening in the world. That afternoon they were limping wearily over a high plateau, across which they had been travelling for two days, when suddenly they found themselves on the very brink of a precipice.

Looking across a wide chasm, they could see a sheer wall of rock on the other side, extending indefinitely on either hand, and beyond that a continuation of the plateau. It was a great surprise to them, but while Nita saw in it only an insuperable obstacle to further progress, to Juan it brought renewed animation and hope. Peering over the side as fearlessly as though he were a Rocky Mountain sheep, Juan made out, through the shadows that were already gathering in the lower part of the cañon, a delightful little river at the bottom.

The setting sun sent beautiful oblique shafts of light down into the opening, and several flocks of doves wheeled above it. "I wish we could drop

down there as easily as they can," said Juan, pointing to them; "but we must get there somehow, and before night, too. If we are quick about it, we may get some game at once. There is always a chance of it, where there is water. Come! If there are any deer about, I must get down before they all have had water and gone out into the hills again." He took another look into and along the abyss to see if there was anything that indicated a break in its surface, and finding nothing, he started off at random along the brink. By a most fortunate chance—if it was chance—he had come upon the cañon not a quarter of a mile from an intersecting, tortuous ravine, the only entrance to it on that side in a distance of fifteen miles.

Juan knew very well that it was only a chance whether he should find an opening that night or a week later; so it was no wonder that he gave vent to a shout of delight when he came to the deep ravine, cleft in the plateau by some such convulsion of nature as had created the cañon. It was thickly filled with dwarf oaks and pines and undergrowth, and had a distinct trail running down it, made by game of different kinds.

"Lots of deer and turkeys must come to this place," he cried. "Just look at the tracks—how thick they are, and coming in from every direction! Hurrah! Here we go!"

Tired as they both were, they were so inspired by the thought of getting food that they fairly ran down the ravine for some distance. The descent was not easy, by any means, and was extremely steep in some places. Their clothes were torn again and again; their faces and hands were scratched by the long, sharp mesquite thorns until they bled; they walked over beds of cacti sometimes, picking their way as best they could.

Twice Nita grew dizzy and, with her eyes either shut or fixed on the sky above her, had to be guided by Juan along a narrow ledge that skirted the rock. The sight of the depths below was more than she could bear. At last they got on level ground and found that what had looked like a very narrow strip of ground, when seen from the plateau, had widened out into quite a valley, as green and fresh as possible,—having one most beautiful feature that has given it the name, among both the Indians and white men, of the "Cañon of Roses."

How the flowers came to grow there, no one could say; but there they were, running up to the very edge of the cliffs, mantling the face of the rocks for hundreds of yards, blooming in inconceivable profusion and beauty, perfuming all the air, throwing out myriads of tendrils full of prodigal promise in folded bud and leaf,—an exquisite sight!

Little short-breathed cries of "*Linda! Her-*



*mosa! Magnifica!\**" went up from Juan and Juanita as they sank panting on the earth. Unaccustomed as they were to noticing such things, they could not but be struck by the loveliness of the place. It seemed a little heaven to them, with its sweet flowers and grass, its trees and river, its coolness and delicious odors, its soft light and growing shadows. After the heat and glare and misery of that journey over the plateau, it seemed enough joy merely to look and live with such surroundings. But hunger is an importunate creditor and can not long be put off.

"The evening is drawing down and the game will be coming in soon," said Juan, when his thoughts reverted to the great question of food; "we will hide now." Nita agreed to this, and they rose and carefully concealed themselves behind some bushes near the plainest trail they could find, and had hardly done so when several fine old bucks came trotting fearlessly up the valley, and went down into the river—but on the opposite side. The sight of them excited Juan tremendously. What if he should be on the wrong side of the stream? Should he swim across it and conceal himself over there? Then he remembered the unmistakable evidences afforded by the deer-run he was guarding; and rightly concluding that there was also an opening on the other side of the cañon, which might well be investigated later, he kept perfectly still and quiet. The next moment he heard a little metallic clink of hoofs against the rock, and then a slight cough. His heart bounded and beat almost to suffocation. Looking around, he and Nita saw an old doe and two beautiful little spotted fawns coming directly down the trail they were watching.

The children scarcely dared to breathe. The wind was blowing away from the deer; and the doe, scenting no danger, came on, followed by her pretty innocents, until she got nearly opposite the young hunters and very near them. Juan promptly decided to shoot the doe and then try afterward to get the fawns, which he knew would be apt to linger near their mother. Accordingly, just as the doe got beyond him, he rose to shoot. But he could not do it! He could not so much as take aim. He trembled so violently that his arrow bobbed irresolutely up and down as if in a convulsion, nor could he steady it. His knees fairly knocked together, and although he made the most violent efforts to control himself, he could not succeed. He held his breath; he set his teeth; he was furious with himself; but for the life of him he could not shoot!

It was no feeling of compassion for the creatures before him that unnerved him, although they might very well have appealed to his heart; it

was not that he was overcome by all that he had lately undergone; it was simply that he was suffering from an acute attack of "buck ague."

This is a disease that all men with a passion for field sports have felt. Those who have never known it have never fully enjoyed hunting; but the worst of it is, it always makes its appearance at the wrong time. Juan had never experienced it before, and could not imagine what was the matter with him. He kept pointing at the motherly old doe until she had quite passed by, and then he feebly tried to aim at each of the fawns, but all in vain. He was so weak that he had to sit down, Nita staring at him all the while in mute but intense astonishment.

"Are you ill?" she whispered, finally, alarmed by his appearance and behavior.

"Keep still," whispered Juan in return. "Keep still!"

He then set to work in earnest to conquer himself. He put his bow down, drew a long breath, and gave himself a severe lecture in this wise, "You ninny, why are you trembling and shaking so? You could n't hit the side of a mountain, much less a deer, in your present state. And what if you do miss? It is n't the only deer in the world. Steady yourself, and be cool now, and take good aim."

Meanwhile the doe and her little ones had gone down into the river; and a lovely picture they made as they stood there, the mother dignified, gentle, protecting; now moving about gracefully in the clear stream; now stopping and glancing about her, as if to make sure that all was well and her children in no danger; now stretching her neck down and letting the water ripple into her mouth; and ever casting looks of tender, contented love on the fawns as they frisked about and drank, and gave playful bounds and leaps here and there, all joy and innocent beauty. The whole group ought first to have been transferred to one of Landseer's canvases, and then to an animal paradise of perennial grass, limpid waters, and perfect peace. But alas! Juan was himself again. His bow no longer trembled, the arrow had been carefully chosen and fitted into place.

The river episode was the pleasantest of the day to the fawns, and they were in no hurry to end it; but the doe, seeing that they had drunk their fill, and that it was getting late, exerted her authority and finally succeeded in leading them up the green bank again. Here, in a moment, she caught scent of the children, and came on slowly, stepping very high, with head and tail erect, her whole expression one of uneasy alertness. Her great, soft, black eyes roved anxiously from point to point, while the fawns trotted along at her

\* Beautiful! Lovely! Magnificent!

side in happy ignorance of such things as enemies or arrows.

Nita, too eager to see what was passing, rose upon her knees just at the moment that Juan was about to shoot, and accidentally jogged his elbow as he let his arrow fly. The doe had not had time fully to make out what Juan was. The arrow passed over her back, and she wheeled and ran in the direction it had taken. It struck a dead tree and knocked down a large piece of bark, which fell in front of the doe, and she wheeled back toward the children, confused, and uncertain where the danger lay. She stopped so near them that they could hear her breathing, and then walked back to where the bark had fallen. The moment had come! Juan, whose nerves were now entirely under control, took aim at her heart, and let drive his shaft. The doe sprang high into the air and ran off with outstretched neck, her tail whipping from side to side, a deadly fear for her fawns at her heart, more agonizing than the arrow that had given her a mortal wound.

The fawns followed close at her heels, carrying their noses high in air. Suddenly the doe fell, turning a complete somersault. Finding their progress thus arrested, the fawns bounded lightly over her, frisked playfully on for a little distance, and then turned and walked back. Astonished, apparently, to find their mother still lying there, and much puzzled by her curious behavior in the last few minutes, they put their little noses down to her, as if in this way to discover the trouble, whatever it was. Just then the doe gave a desperate, dying kick with both hind feet that threw the torn-up grass and leaves into the faces of the fawns, and drawing a deep, guttural breath at the same moment that frightened them almost out of their wits, died to them and a cruel world.

The fawns tumbled back over each other in utter consternation. Never had their mother behaved in such a way; and as if for explanation, they ran straight toward the children, who were advancing to secure their prize. When they came quite close, the fawns received an explanation that even they understood. Nita's bow was strung, and she was anxious for a shot, so taking good aim, she sent an arrow deep into the side of the nearest. Juan also shot and struck the same one.

Bleating pitifully, it ran off down the valley, followed by its terrified little companion, Amigo after them, convinced that he had caught a deer and could hunt as well as some other people. Juan pursued, and when the fawn fell, seized it and dragged it back to a place near his camp. Satisfied with the food in hand, he had allowed the second fawn to escape.

The change from an empty wallet to an abundance of good meat was a cheering one; and untroubled by sentimental regret, Juan's eyes glistened greedily as he cut piece after piece from the doe, which was in excellent condition, and from the fat little fawn. These he strung, a bit of lean and a bit of fat alternately, on a pole sharpened at both ends, and carried it over to the camp, unable to think of the future until his present longing was satisfied.

Nita had a hot fire ready, and with a vigorous thrust he stuck one end of the pole in the ground before the blaze. The venison soon began to give out savory odors, and as the children heard the fat hissing and sputtering, and saw the juices running out of the meat, they gave vent to a great many exclamations expressive of the liveliest satisfaction and pleasantest anticipations. As they watched it growing browner and browner, they could hardly wait for it to cook; and the very instant it was done, Juan stretched out his hand to seize the pole and actually had it in his grasp, when a tremendous uproar reached his ears, causing him to replace it hastily.

The noise sounded like that made by horses' feet in running, then followed a few short yelps, and then Amigo rushed into camp with five or six wolves at his heels. He had been left to guard the meat at the place where it had been butchered, but the coyotes had smelt the blood, and invited themselves to supper. Amigo, finding the odds too great, had fled and been pursued, and here they all, dog and wolves, were growling, snarling, howling terrifically not a dozen yards away! The din and the suddenness of the onset frightened Nita so dreadfully that she ran away as fast as her legs could carry her. Great was her horror of wolves at any time, and it was not surprising that she could not face a pack of them at a moment's notice.

Juan, however, had been growing more self-reliant every day since he left the Comanche camp, and stood his ground bravely. Quick as thought he seized a brand from the fire and thrust it among the wolves. Not expecting an attack at all, much less one of so startling a nature, they shrunk back cowed, and slunk off, leaving the children to feast at their leisure, if not precisely at their ease.

Juan built up the fire before he lay down for the night, and even began the process of "jerking" meat by putting some of it on a little scaffold of green boughs well above the flame; but he was too tired to do much. During the night they were several times awakened by the whistling of the deer that came down to water; and Juan, more than half asleep, would get up, mechanically turn

over the meat, renew the fire, and drop down again by Nita's side.

Nita thought the wolves were upon them each time, and would have kept awake if it had been possible; but her great weariness always got the better of her fears. Guarded by Juan and Amigo

on the right and left, she slept profoundly; but there was no rest for a certain little fawn which wandered up and down the valley all the night long seeking the mother it had lost, wandering it knew not where, bleating plaintively in the darkness, a most unhappy dear little deer.

(To be continued.)

## THE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

BY JOEL STACY.



THEY dressed me, one day, for a juvenile ball,  
In a long-tailed coat and a *chapeau* tall,  
And ruffles and bows and an eye-glass, too,  
And a wig finished off with an odd little queue;  
But what I was meant for I hardly knew.

"You belong to Directory days, my dear,"  
They said, which struck me at least as queer,  
For I knew that the mass of the people in town,  
From De Courcay and Astor to Jenkins and Brown,  
Were in the Directory all set down.

My sisters strove hard my attention to fix,—  
I heard, "No, in France," and "In ninety-six,"  
And "Turbulent days," and "Yes, there were five";  
And each to out-rattle the other would strive—  
They buzzed in my ear till I felt like a hive.

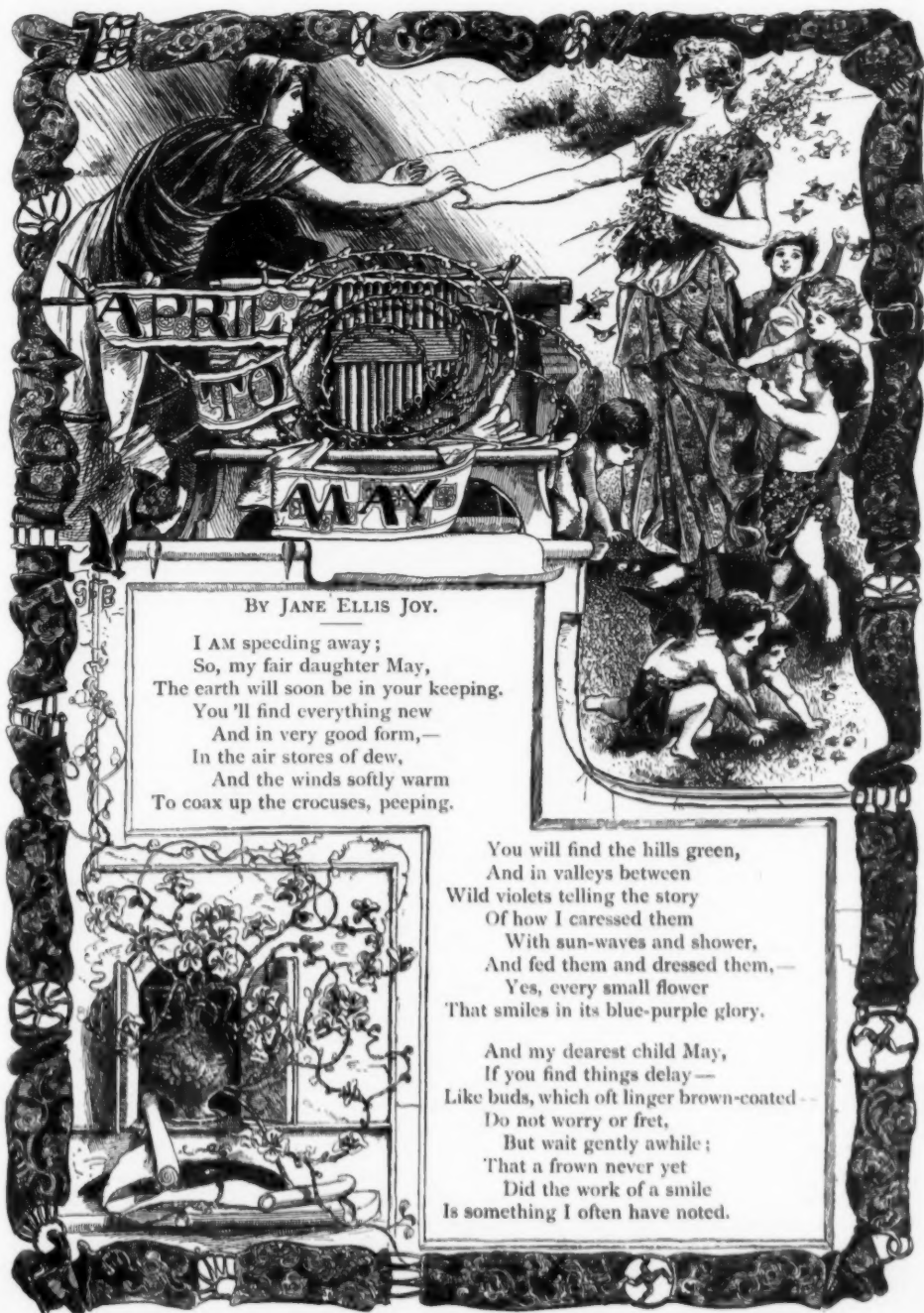
"Oh, is n't he perfect?" they cried in delight  
(And, really, I was n't a very bad sight!)  
But every youngster, I 'll venture to say,  
At the ball, whether peasant or clown or fay,  
Had been praised at home in the self-same way.

Well, all but me were as plain as your hat;  
At once you could say, they are this or they 're that;  
I even knew good little George with his hatchet,  
Without, I must own, any sapling to match it;  
And you felt, at a glance, he expected to "catch it."

I recognized Tell by his high Swiss hat,  
His boy with the apple a-top, and all that;  
But all of the characters stared at me,  
As if to say,— "What on earth *can* he be?"  
And what was the use of my saying, you see,  
"Why, I? I am from the Directory!"

### MORAL.

If you go to a fancy-dress party, take care  
First to learn all about the queer costume you wear!



APRIL  
TO  
MAY

BY JANE ELLIS JOY.

I AM speeding away;  
So, my fair daughter May,  
The earth will soon be in your keeping.  
You'll find everything new  
And in very good form,—  
In the air stores of dew,  
And the winds softly warm  
To coax up the crocuses, peeping.

You will find the hills green,  
And in valleys between  
Wild violets telling the story  
Of how I caressed them  
With sun-waves and shower,  
And fed them and dressed them,—  
Yes, every small flower  
That smiles in its blue-purple glory.

And my dearest child May,  
If you find things delay—  
Like buds, which oft linger brown-coated—  
Do not worry or fret,  
But wait gently awhile;  
That a frown never yet  
Did the work of a smile  
Is something I often have noted.

## A POSITIVE ENGAGEMENT.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

YOU need n't ask Nan to a party,  
A dinner or five o'clock tea,  
Three weeks from to-day,—which is Thursday,—  
For "engaged" and "at home" she will be.

She set her white Brahma this morning,  
In a box with sweet hay for a bed,  
On a dozen great eggs, all a-flutter,  
With plummy wings softly outspread.

The hen looks so proud and important,  
With her treasures hid under her breast!  
Every feather alive if you touch her,  
As if warning you off from her nest.

And the capable creature will sit there,  
Come sunshine, come storm, or what may,  
With her wings and her warmth and her wisdom,  
Till exactly three weeks from to-day.

And *then!* oh, the downy soft treasures,  
The dear little yellow round things,  
That will break from the shells and come peeping,  
And stretching their small helpless wings!

Oh! you need n't ask Nan to a party  
Or a dinner or five o'clock tea,  
Three weeks from to-day,—which is Thursday,—  
For "at home" and "engaged" she will be!

## JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY JAMES OTIS.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE ARREST.

PINNEY was in such distress of mind at being marched through the streets like a criminal, that he paid very little attention to anything save his own sad condition; and his friends and brother-directors had followed him for some distance before he had any idea that sympathizers were near. But at last Duddy, bolder than the others, walked up close behind him and said quickly, with a reckless disregard of the officers of the law:

"Hi! Pinney, what have you been doin'?"

"Oh, Duddy!" cried poor little Pinney, attempting to turn, but forced by his captors to march straight on; "they 've 'rested me for stealin' things, an' I never took a cent! I was only doin' a' errand."

"Where are they takin' you now?"

It is not probable that the prisoner knew where he was being led, but all attempts to gain further information were prevented by one of the officers, who at that moment sternly commanded him to

"hold his tongue"; while the other dispersed Pinney's followers by turning and shaking his club at them.

"Hold on, fellers!" Duddy shouted, after they had retreated to what was thought to be a safe distance. "The cops won't foller us, an' we 've got to know where they 're takin' Pinney. I don't believe he 's been stealin' any money, an' we must try to get him out of this scrape."

"Of course he took it, or else they would n't have 'rested him," said Sam, with an air of superior wisdom. "I should n't wonder if he got the money for the medicine after all, an' was tryin' to get away with it when they nabbed him."

"You oughter be 'shamed to say such a thing, Sam Tousey," replied Ikey indignantly. "Was n't I with him, an' don't I know whether he got it or not?"

"He might 'a' gone back after you left him, an' got the dollar," suggested Sam. "I allers thought he 'd get the best of us if he could."

"See here, Sam," and Tom advanced threateningly as he spoke; "you 're not goin' to say anything mean 'bout Pinney White while I 'm 'round.





"THEY SAW THE POLICEMEN LEAD PINNEY INTO THE TOMBS PRISON."

VOL. XIV.—34.

Did n't Ikey bring the medicine with him? How could Pinney get the money back if he did n't have the bottle?"

"Come, Tom, don't waste time talkin' to such as him," said Duddy, as he gave Master Sam Tousey a threatening look. "It's no use to pay any 'tention to him till you 've nothin' else to do. We've got to help Pinney, an' we've got to find out where they're goin' to take him. You an' I an' Ikey 'll foller as close as we dare, an' the rest of the fellers can go to work."

At this proposition several of the boys raised objections, as they thought it was the duty of all to be ready to aid the prisoner; and Duddy had considerable difficulty in persuading them to do as he had suggested.

"If the whole crowd chases on behind him, they 'll surely drive us away; but the coppers won't take any notice of three of us. The rest of you fellers stay here, an' we 'll come right back and tell you what we find out."

"We'd all better go to work," suggested Sam. "You may get into an awful scrape if you let on that you know him. Jest as likely as not they 'll 'rest everybody in the house, if they find out where Pinney lives."

There was no necessity for either Duddy or Tom to threaten Sam in order to prevent him from making any more such unfriendly remarks, for nearly every other member of the party started toward him, and it was only by an immediate and rapid flight that he saved himself from punishment.

"Now come on before the boys get back from chasing Sam," said Duddy, as he turned and ran at full speed in the direction taken by the officers and their prisoner, while Tom and Ikey followed closely.

The pursuers did not think it advisable to attempt to hold any conversation with the unfortunate boy. They remained discreetly in the rear until they saw the policemen lead Pinney into the Tombs prison, and heard the heavy doors close behind him with a clang that sounded ominously in their ears. The friends of the unfortunate prisoner stood gazing in silence at the gray, forbidding walls which shut out their comrade from Jenny's boarding-house and liberty.

"Well," said Duddy with a long-drawn sigh, after a pause of several moments, "that jest knocks me! If it was Sam they'd locked up, I would n't 'a' wondered at it so much, but Pinney White never did any harm to anybody. It would serve 'em right if all the boys in the city should get together an' tear their old jail down."

Ikey looked critically at the massive structure, as if he were trying to make up his mind at what point they had best begin work, and then said in a matter-of-fact tone:

"I guess we'd better leave that for this afternoon. What we must do is to cook up some kind of a plan to help Pinney."

"Yes, an' we promised to tell the other fellers what we'd found out," added Tom; "so the best thing we can do now is to go back down town. Then we'll tell Jenny what's up, an' p'r'aps she can think of somethin' to do."

So excited were the three who had seen poor Pinney consigned to the prison, that walking seemed to them far too slow a method of getting over the ground; and they ran as fast as possible, arriving in front of one of the newspaper offices breathless, yet eager to tell the story to their friends who were waiting there for them.

Although every boy who had seen the unfortunate prisoner had good reason to believe that he would be taken to a jail, each one appeared to be filled with the utmost surprise and consternation at the news that Pinney was really in the Tombs. For several moments no one could suggest anything to be done for the relief of their comrade, and even Sam was made silent by the sad tidings.

"Well, we can't stand here the rest of the day," Duddy said impatiently, after he had waited in vain

for somebody to say something; "we must tell Jenny, an' we ought to know how November is gettin' on."

"You an' Ikey an' I'll go up to the house, while the rest of the fellers wait for us here," said Tom, starting off at full speed as he spoke, thus preventing any discussion on the part of the others. Ikey and Duddy followed close by his side.

Those who had been left behind stood on the corner discussing the matter during the best part of the afternoon, without any thought of going to work. Many were the plans proposed for the relief of their friend, but all of them so impossible of execution that it is not probable even those who originated them believed they could be carried out; but this discussion at least served to make the boys feel better in mind.

At the boarding-house the sorrow was intense. Even November's illness was forgotten for the moment, and Mrs. Parsons blamed herself severely for having spoken so sharply to Pinney when, certainly with the best intentions, he had brought home the medicine.

"Pinney always meant well, even when he was doing the most mischief," the old lady said, as she tried to wipe away the tears which would persist in falling on poor little November's face. "It was wicked in me to be so cross with him when he came in with what he thought would cure the baby. Is n't there anything we can do for him?"

This was exactly what the boys had been asking themselves without having found a satisfactory answer to the question; and it was still unanswered when the boarders came home in the evening, only to find that owing to her great sorrow the landlady had entirely forgotten to prepare dinner. This trifling neglect no one except Sam appeared to notice; it would have seemed far more strange if, in view of all that had happened, the boarding-house had been conducted as usual; and it is quite probable that there would have been but little fault-finding if Jenny had said that she did not intend to cook anything that night.

The physician whom Jenny had called appeared to think that November would soon recover from his illness, and, in fact, the little fellow did seem to improve so rapidly during the evening, that the inmates of the boarding-house were free to give all their sympathy to the imprisoned director. They speculated upon the facilities he would have for sleeping; wondered if he were troubled in mind because of November, whom he had every reason to believe was dangerously ill; and they tried to picture to themselves the sad scene of Pinney in a narrow cell, loaded down with chains. Sam was positive that their brother-director was not only gagged, but fastened with irons to the

wall of some dungeon; and he drew upon his imagination so recklessly that Duddy exclaimed:

"Now see here, Sam; it's bad enough to know that Pinney is in jail, without your talkin' so much about chains an' handcuffs, an' all that kind o' nonsense. I don't believe they've got him strapped up at all; but whether they have or not, we must think up *some* way to get him out."

"I don't see what *we* can do," said Tom with a puzzled look. "They would n't listen to us boys in court, an' we can't get him out of the jail."

"Jest as likely as not we *can* say somethin' in court," said Duddy, and his face lighted up with hope. "Any way, we can hang 'round there till we see him, an' p'raps we'll get a chance to do somethin'."

"If you fellers say the word, I'll go down to the jail first thing in the mornin', an' scare 'em into lettin' him out," said Sam, willing now to be recognized as a friend of Pinney's if thereby he could appear to have charge of the matter.

"You have n't time," said Jack with a laugh. "You'd have to hang 'round there 'bout seven years before you could scare anybody!"

The other boys laughed so heartily at Jack's remark that Master Tousey thought it his duty to have another attack of the sulks; and he began by saying:

"Some of the folks in this house think nobody can do anythin' but themselves. I was willin' to try to get Pin White out of the scrape; but you're all so smart that I'll let you see what you can do first. An' after that, p'raps you'll be glad to have me take hold of the job."

"You can go an' scare the folks that keep the jail if you want to, Sammy; but it won't be any harm for us to think up somethin' to do, if you should n't make out all right," said Duddy; and he added, as a sudden and happy thought occurred to him, "I tell you what it is, fellers, let's all go down an' stay 'round the outside awhile. It must be lonesome for Pinney, thinkin' that every one of us is up here."

"He would n't know we were there," objected Tom.

"That's a fact; but we'd know it, an' it would seem as if we was stickin' by him."

It is probable that Duddy's unprofitable plan would have been carried out at once, if Mrs. Parsons had not volunteered her advice. She proposed that they all go to bed as soon as they had eaten their dinner, because Pinney would not be benefited, even though they should remain in front of the jail all night; but that in the morning some of them should go to the court. It was possible, she thought, that they might find a lawyer who would take charge of Pinney's case, if

they promised to pay him as soon as they could earn the money.

This seemed even better than Sam's idea of securing the prisoner's release by frightening the officers; and after quite a spirited argument between Tom and Duddy, during which the latter insisted that they should at least walk down to the Tombs that night, Mrs. Parsons' advice was followed. None of the prisoner's friends slept very soundly, however, and every one was up and dressed at least an hour earlier than usual.

While they were eating breakfast, Jenny gave them some very sensible advice, to the effect that work should not be suspended because of the trouble which had come upon them. She recommended that Ikey and Duddy go to the court-room, while the others make every effort to earn money with which to pay a lawyer for defending their comrade.

Tom understood at once that two of the party would be able to do more than a crowd, and he insisted so strongly that Jenny's advice should be followed, that no one seriously objected.

The baby was much better, and Mrs. Parsons assured the boys that they need feel no uneasiness concerning him. Accordingly they left the house eager to begin work, hoping thus to help the comrade who needed their aid so sadly.

Ikey and Duddy tried to content themselves by assisting Jenny; but the minutes passed so slowly, and they were so anxious to begin their portion of the duties of the day, that they could no longer control their impatience after the clock had struck the hour of seven. Although Mrs. Parsons insisted that the court would not be opened for an hour at least, they decided to start at once, in order, as Duddy said, "to get a front seat so 's to whisper to Pinney when he's brought in."

As a matter of course, when they arrived at the Tombs they found the doors of the court-room closed, and not even a single policeman on guard to answer the questions they had intended to ask. They could do no more than seat themselves on the ice-covered steps, there to wait until such time as the public should be admitted.

While they were thus waiting, occupied with gloomy forebodings and a vain effort to keep warm, Tom suddenly appeared, eager and breathless.

"I came to bring what money the fellers have made, 'cause you'll need it if you hire a lawyer for Pinney," he said, as he gave Ikey a handful of pennies and small coins. "Every feller is workin' jest as hard as he can, an' I'll bring you some more in an hour. Don't slip up on any chance to get him out of the scrape, an' if money is all that's wanted, we'll have that, sure." Then Tom darted down the steps shouting, at the full strength of his

lungs, the principal items of news contained in the morning papers.

Neither Ikey nor Duddy had thought of engaging a lawyer until they should have consulted Pinney; but Tom's words suggested the desirability of so doing while they had plenty of time at their disposal, and Duddy said:

"You stay here so 's you can slip in the very minute the doors are opened, an' I 'll look 'round to see what kind of a lawyer I can find, 'cause p'r'aps we would n't have a chance after we see Pinney. I know a place where there are about a hundred lawyers' offices, an' we can get one there, I guess, after we flash up all this money."

"Don't stay long," said Ikey, his teeth chattering with the cold. "If I get in before you come back, I 'll save a seat for you by the side o' me."

Duddy was off like a shot, the pennies jingling in his pocket as he ran and, as he thought, giving such evidence of wealth that any attorney whom he met would be eager to plead Pinney's case.

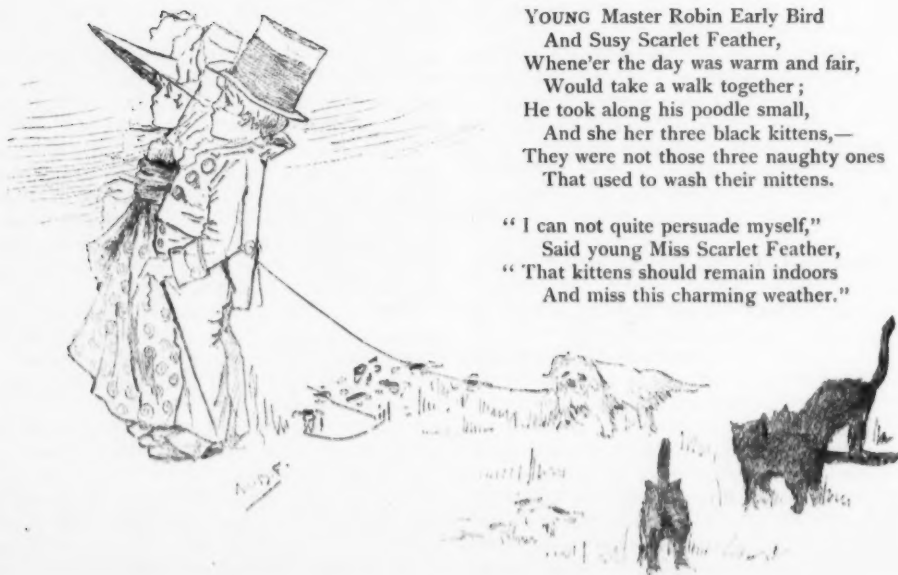
(To be continued.)

Ikey evidently expected to see his brother-director return in a very short time, followed by at least one lawyer; and he would not have been surprised had he seen three or four. But the minutes went by until an hour passed, and Duddy had not come. One by one a crowd gathered on the steps; and Ikey almost forgot his own sorrow as he realized how many other unhappy people there were in the city. Only the night previous he had believed that the inmates of Jenny's boarding-house were in more trouble than all the rest of the world combined.

Duddy was still absent when the court-room door was finally opened; and despite all his efforts, Ikey did not succeed in reserving what he considered a desirable seat for his friend. There were so many who were eager to be where they could speak to the prisoners, that the treasurer found himself crowded back half way down the room toward the door, and even then it was with difficulty that he reserved a very small space for Duddy.

## FAIR WEATHER.

BY M. D. FENNER.



YOUNG Master Robin Early Bird  
And Susy Scarlet Feather,  
Whene'er the day was warm and fair,  
Would take a walk together;  
He took along his poodle small,  
And she her three black kittens,—  
They were not those three naughty ones  
That used to wash their mittens.

"I can not quite persuade myself,"  
Said young Miss Scarlet Feather,  
"That kittens should remain indoors  
And miss this charming weather."

## WANTED, A MAP.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

ANOTHER map, an please you, sir!  
For why, we can not understand,  
In all your great geography  
There is no map of Fairyland.

Another map, an please you, sir!  
And, afterward, describe in full  
How Fairyland is famed for pearls,  
And fleeces made from golden wool,

And prancing, gold-shod, milk-white steeds  
With bridles set with jewel-eyes:  
Tell how the Fairy rivers run,  
And where the Fairy mountains rise,

And of the Fairy-folk, their ways  
And customs — if it please you, sir;  
Then, of the journey there, how long  
For any speedy traveler.

Another map, an please you, sir!  
And would you kindly not delay;  
Sister and I would dearly like  
To learn our lesson there, to-day!

## AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY NORA PERRY.

"WAIT for me, Louise. Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Don't you know? My mother and father are coming home to-day, and I am going in town to the Boston and Albany depot, with Aunt Frances and Tom, to meet them."

"Boston and Albany depot? Why, I thought your mother was coming from Europe!"

"So she is; but she has sailed by one of the White Star Line, and the steamships of the White Star Line don't come into the dock at Boston, but at New York," answered Louise, with so glib an air of knowing all about things that Sophy Kittredge felt quite impressed, and for a moment was silent and thoughtful, her thought consisting of a sort of admiring speculation which, if put into words, would have run something in this wise:

"What a fine thing it is to have mothers and fathers who can go to Europe, and what a lucky girl Louise Peyton is!"

"I suppose they'll bring you all sorts of pretty things," Sophy found voice to say presently.

"Oh, I suppose so; people always do when they come home from Europe; but it is not of such things I'm thinking," said Louise. "I have n't seen my mother and father for seven years."

Again Sophy felt impressed — not with the seven years, but with Louise's superiority. She felt condemned, too; for she, Sophy Kittredge, could n't have been so above and beyond thinking of pretty things, if *her* mother were coming home from Europe; and Sophy loved her mother, she was sure. But then she thought of the seven years. Seven years *was* a long time.

"You were a little girl when they went away, were n't you?" Sophy said next.

"Yes, only seven," and then Louise went on and told what Sophy had heard many times before, but what she never tired of hearing, — the story of how Louise came to live in Newtown with her Aunt Frances Moore. It was like a story out of a book, for Louise told first of her French nurse — a tall, white-capped girl from Normandy — who had taken care of her in Paris, just after she was born, and had come with the family to America, seven years before. Next Louise told how Nannette had been sent with her to Aunt Frances's soon after, when her father and mother returned to Paris, whither Mr. Peyton's large and thriving business called him back suddenly; and then continued:

"I should have gone with them and been educated in Paris, if I had been well enough; but I



had the whooping-cough just as they were going back, and the doctor said I must stay where I was, in Newtown, that I should do very well here, but it would n't be well to take me across the ocean in midwinter. Both Papa and Mamma had expected surely to return the next year and take me back with them, but Papa broke his leg in a railway accident, and that kept them that year; then one of his partners embezzled some of the funds of the company and had to be prosecuted in the French courts, and that took another year; and then Mamma was ill; and so the time has gone on, until seven years have elapsed."

As Louise wound up her peroration, Sophy's face expressed her humble admiration for her companion. Louise never used the common word when she could help it, and Sophy could never think to use any but common words, and the simplest and briefest at that. Nothing could exceed her admiration for Louise's fine facility in this direction. "Embezzled the funds of the company," and "had to be prosecuted in the French courts!" How cultivated, how educated and grown-up that sounded! And then, that "seven years have elapsed!"—so absorbed was Sophy in her admiring wonder at Louise's powers, that she quite forgot to speak again until they came to Aunt Frances's door; then, subdued and overpowered, as she always was, by Louise's eloquence and elegance, she bade her a soft, almost a shy, good-bye, and went dreamily home, thinking to herself what a very superior person Louise Peyton was in every way, and how lucky a girl was to have her for a friend!

## II.

THE first glimpse that Louise had of her mother was disappointing. She had a rather dim recollection of a bright face and airy figure and soft float-

ing garments that smelled of violets. What she saw, as she stood in the Boston and Albany depot, the next day, was a little woman not so tall as herself, in a close-fitting, wood-colored traveling dress, with nothing bright about her but a bright red silk knot at her throat. The little woman looked extremely young, too, to Louise's eyes,—“Hardly older than I,” she thought at that first glimpse. The next moment a musical voice was saying:



"AND THIS GREAT GIRL IS MY LITTLE LOUISE!"

"And this great girl is my little Louise!"

Louise looked up—no, down—into the loveliest great dark eyes she had ever seen, and saw that the red silk knot was not the only brightness about this little mother. In another moment, as she felt herself enfolded in a gentle embrace, she smelled again the sweet, faint breath of violets. This seemed like the mother she had known seven years ago.

"But, yet, I thought you were taller and larger, Mamma; when you went away I remember look-

ing up and thinking you quite, quite tall," Louise said suddenly, as her mother turned and took her arm to go to the carriage.

"You dear!" And Mrs. Peyton burst into a little peal of laughter, and then turning to her husband, the "Papa" whom Louise had just greeted rather shyly,— "Just hear that, George! Louise is disappointed in me. She expected a great big mamma. Oh, I'm so sorry for you, dearie! but you must take Papa for the big one of the family; you can't outgrow him as you have outgrown me! You thought I was 'quite, quite tall,' another merry little laugh, 'you dear goosie, don't you know it was because you were then so little that I seemed tall by comparison? It is like the little boy who grew up to be a man, and then went back to his old home in the country. When he saw the trees that had once seemed so big and high, they looked like little dwarf trees to him. So I have become a little dwarf tree to my big tall daughter!'"

The playful, caressing tone and manner and words confused and embarrassed Louise. She felt as if she were being treated like a little girl still; and she was not used to being treated so. Her Aunt Frances usually asked her opinion about things, and treated her in a very grown-up way. Her cousin Tom, too, who was nineteen years old, never treated her as if she were a little girl; and at school—well, her mother would see how things were when she had been at Newtown a day or two. She would see that her daughter was no longer the child of seven in mind any more than in body. But when Mrs. Peyton had been in Newtown a week, Louise began to despair of impressing her mother with her grown-up dignity. At the end of the week it was still, "Come here, my little big girl," or "Put down your book, my little giantess, and let's have a run out over the hills."

"But, Mamma," protested Louise, one day, "I'm looking over my algebra lessons."

"What, in your vacation?" asked Mrs. Peyton.

"Yes, Mamma; I don't want to lose anything, and have to be put back when school begins."

"Oh, that's the way you've been going on in Newtown,—cramming algebra, when you should have been cramming fresh air and fun! But all this is going to be changed. I don't believe in books in vacation time. I wish you to take more exercise and get some roses into your cheeks. So fling down the book, dearie, and let's go out."

But this was not all the change that Louise saw threatening her own way, which she and so many of the people about her, from Aunt Frances to Sophy Kittredge, had come to think so wise and superior a way.

One morning about ten o'clock, when she was dressing to go into town with her father, her mother came into her room. As Louise dressed, she dropped the things she had taken off, just where she happened to stand. When nearly ready, she found that the braid that had ripped from her jacket had not been sewed on, and she exclaimed rather impatiently:

"Oh, dear, there's that braid! Aunt Frances promised me she'd sew it on yesterday."

Mrs. Peyton looked up with one of her quick glances.

"Aunt Frances?" she asked.

"Yes, she told me to leave it out on a chair, and I did."

As Louise spoke, she happened to look toward her mother. Once or twice before she had seen that curiously distant, rather haughty expression on her mother's face. What did it mean—displeasure? While Louise was thinking thus, Mrs. Peyton said:

"How long has Aunt Frances performed the services of waiting-maid for you, my dear?"

Louise blushed, but it was an angry blush.

"Why, Mamma, somebody must attend to my things; I can't."

"What things?"

"Why, mending little bits like that; sewing on buttons and picking up after me."

"You can't do such things—such a great girl?"

"But, Mamma, my time is too—too valuable. I have my lessons, and my music and all that."

"Too valuable!" The distant look vanished from Mrs. Peyton's face, and in its place came a crowd of dimples as she flung her head back and burst into a peal of laughter.

"Oh, Louise, you're as good as a play! 'Too valuable,' and she mimicked her daughter's lofty little way. "Why, my dear," she went on, "you're not to learn school lessons merely, you're to learn to be a woman—a lady."

Angry tears by this time were in Louise's eyes. "Well, Mamma, if you can tell me where I can get the time to do any more than I do, with school from nine until half-past one, and all my music practice with my other lessons! Aunt Frances thinks I do quite enough, and too much, now. She says a girl that does her duty, as I do, by her studies, should have everything else done for her."

"Oh, I see, and so *she* has done everything else for you?"

"Yes, ever since Nannette went away."

"She mends these little bits of things and 'picks up' after you, as you call it," and Mrs. Peyton looked at the odds and ends Louise had dropped in her dressing.

"Yes, always," answered Louise; "for, you see, I have to attend at once to my lessons."

"Why does n't she send Ann to do this picking up?"

"Ann? Why, Ann can't be spared, I suppose; Aunt keeps only one servant, you know."

"Yes, I know." Again there was an expression on Mrs. Peyton's face that made Louise uneasy, that made her hasten to say:

"Aunt likes to do these things."

"Does she say so?"

"I don't know that she ever said so, but she does. She knows I can't do everything—that I'm not strong enough."

"Neither is Aunt very strong, I believe, and she's not very young. Poor Aunt, she was always inclined to make babies of people! But come, my dear; Papa will be waiting for you. Here, put on this little wrap I brought you from Paris, since your jacket is n't ready."

With a queer, uncomfortable feeling, Louise went down to join her father. Aunt inclined to make babies of people! Did her mother mean that Aunt had made a baby of her? Why, Aunt treated her far more like a young lady than her mother did; Aunt quite looked up to her, indeed, asked her advice about clothes, and consulted her in many ways. What could her mother mean? Her father's errand in town was to look at a house on Beacon street that they were to rent furnished for the winter. Mamma had already looked at it, and decided in favor of it. Louise thought that her father had brought her to look at it to see if she also favored it. That would have been quite in the way of the things that Aunt Frances did. It was a pleasant, cozy house, but some distance from the school that had been selected for Louise on Marlboro' street. Looking out of the window, Louise suddenly thought of this.

"Oh, Papa!" she exclaimed.

"Well, what is it?"

"It is too far from my school."

"Eh—what? too far from what?"

"My school—the new school on Marlboro' street that Mamma has seen about. It's a mile, certainly."

Her father looked a little puzzled, and a little absent-minded or preoccupied, for a moment. Then he said carelessly:

"Oh, well, that does n't matter."

Louise flushed up, and moved away with a lowering brow; but it made no sort of impression upon her father. He was looking into closets, testing the draught of chimneys, and the condition of the gas-burners. By and by, he said cheerfully, "Well, my dear, are you tired of

waiting?" and with a "Come, we might as well go now," turned toward the hall. Louise followed with a sense of humiliation such as she had never felt before; so she had not been brought in to give her opinion. Her opinion was not considered of any importance. What *had* she been brought for? This question was soon answered, when her father said briskly:

"Well, Missy, now I've attended to that matter, we'll go and have lunch at Young's, and then to see the 'Mikado.'"

"Oh, Papa!"

Louise forgot everything but her delight in that moment. She had been wishing, hoping, longing to go to see that quaintest of funny operas; and here she was to be taken to see it in an hour, after lunching in the most charming dining-room in Boston.

"Oh, how good of you, Papa, to think to give me such a surprise!"

"It was n't I, dear, who thought of it, it was Mamma; but I was very glad to have her suggest it."

"But why did n't Mamma come, too?"

"Well, Mamma thought you'd enjoy it better alone with me—just you and I together on a little lark, you see"; and Papa nodded and smiled as if he, too, quite enjoyed it.

Louise laughed in response, and a bright color came into her cheeks; and into her heart, along with the pleasure, came a little feeling of shame for her previous anger and suspicions. All the time when she had been thinking herself unthought of and of no importance, Mamma had been planning this.

### III.

THE Marlboro' Street school was a very different affair from the Newtown seminary. There was not so much cramming; indeed, there was no cramming at all. A girl was not allowed to take a dozen studies and spend her days acquiring only a superficial knowledge of them. Three, or four at the most, were all that Louise was permitted in one term. This left a broad margin of time for other things.

"Now," Louise thought, "I can take painting lessons, and belong to a club." To belong to a club was her highest ambition just then. The one of which she most desired to become a member was called the "Four o'Clock Club." Most of the members were a little older than herself, and they met to read and talk over new books, and sometimes a member read a composition of her own. Aunt Frances would have thought this very fine, and would have encouraged Louise to the utmost in it. But Mrs. Peyton was not Aunt Frances,

and she laughed at the "Four o'Clockers," as she termed them. "A lot of conceited little pedants, choosing any books they please to read and discuss," she said to her husband; "I don't wonder American girls get the reputation of being pert, if this is one of their fashions."

So the Four o'Clock Club was decidedly negatived, and when Louise brought forward the painting-lessons plan, that also received a dash of cold water.

"But, my dear, you seem to want to overwork just as you did at Newtown," said her mother.

"I wish to learn things, like other girls."

"I wish you to learn things, too; but I don't care to have you learn things that are useless, or to learn things the wrong way. If you should join that reading club where the girls choose their own books, I think you would learn things in a very wrong way. You might as well try to study music without some sort of direction. And as for the painting lessons, there's time enough for that yet, especially as you have no real taste or talent for painting."

Louise looked injured. Her mother saw it, and went on still more seriously.

"Louise, I want you to learn to be my daughter; to help me; to be my little companion here at home, as well as to be a school-girl."

Louise looked at her young-faced mother, who was no taller than herself. There was an air of the gay world about her. As she spoke to Louise, she was plaiting and arranging a frill of lace to be worn that evening.

"Oh, I know how it will be!" Louise said to herself. "Mamma is a fashionable lady, and she wants me to be something like Fido,—a sort of decoration,—and at the same time to make myself useful, as Molly Preston's mother makes her." Louise had recovered from the shame she had felt a while before. With two pet plans going under, both at once, she had no room in her heart except for mutiny.

"Mamma does n't appreciate American ways," she said to her aunt about this time. "She does n't care for my keeping up with my studies as you did, Aunt Frances, and being at the head of my classes."

"Oh, you must n't talk so!" replied Aunt Frances; but at the same time she sighed as she remembered how she had worked and "slaved," as she called it, to give Louise every opportunity she could to be at the head and to outshine the other girls in her classes, and "Here was Louise's own mother upsetting it all with her fine French notions." So the winter began with dissatisfaction and disappointment and inward protest, which came to the surface in various unpleasant ways.

Louise had gained her idea of a fashionable, society woman from Mrs. Preston, who went everywhere, as the saying goes,—to balls and parties and theaters without stint,—leaving her daughter Mollie to the care of servants, or making her of use and ornament when she was with her. Aunt Frances had been the first to impress this picture upon Louise's mind. Aunt Frances had the old-fashioned New England idea that the mother should sacrifice herself to her children, should become, in short, a sort of head nurse and servant to them. She had been all this herself to Tom, and later to Louise. When she saw how different her sister-in-law's methods were to be, she drew many deep sighs, and with a sad certainty of ill, inwardly wondered, "How things would go with that poor child." "There 'll be a great change in her by another year, you 'll see, Tom," she confided to her son.

She was right; there *was* a great change. It was not, however—but I won't spoil my story by anticipating. Yes, a great change. It began by slow degrees and by hard things. The giving up the club and the painting lessons were two of the hard things. So hard that Louise thought and acted very rebelliously and bitterly for a time.

"Mamma has everything she wants, and does everything she likes, but I must have nothing I want, and give up everything I like," was one of her bitter thoughts just at the outset. And what was she to do with the leisure time she had left from the fewer studies that had been assigned her—the leisure she had planned to occupy so wisely? She asked her mother this question.

"Oh, we shall see, presently; there is no need to hurry; 'Haste makes waste,'" her mother had answered, smiling. Then, as she saw a shadow of impatience on Louise's face, "My dear, you can surely afford to give your mother a little of your leisure time after all these years away from her."

And Louise, with a new twinge of shame, felt all at once a sense of her own ungraciousness. Giving up the point for the time, she went out with her mother on bright afternoons, sometimes to visit the picture-galleries, or to take a brisk walk, or to attend a concert or an illustrated lecture or a nice play. On Saturday afternoons she was set the task of learning to mend her clothing, and of putting her bureau drawers and closets in order. This last was exceedingly distasteful; but the afternoon walks and talks and sight-seeing had proved very agreeable. Several weeks went on in this way, varied by reading, now and then, some book that her mother would suggest. In these weeks, too, Louise knew that her mother was going out constantly into society, and was herself

entertaining considerably; but she saw little of these entertainments, for they were principally dinner parties and elaborate luncheons not suited to her age.

There were simple, informal receptions, however, where Louise was not only permitted to be present, but where she learned to pour tea and hand it to the guests. It was after one of these receptions that she said to her mother, "Who was that lady with the pretty, light hair, and the gold bee in her bonnet, Mamma?"

"The lady with the 'bee in her bonnet'?" Mrs. Peyton laughed; and then said in explanation, "That is an old saying of the ancient Scots. When a person had a new notion or fancy, it was called a 'bee in his bonnet.' But you want to know who that pretty woman was with a golden bee in her bonnet. That was Mrs. Eyre. You liked her, did you? I saw her talking with you."

"Oh, I liked her so much! And, Mamma, she asked me to come to see her, and said that she had a daughter who was lame, whom she would like me to know. May I go sometime, Mamma?"

"Yes, I should be delighted to have you make friends with Katy Eyre."

"Do you know her? Is she nice?" asked Louise eagerly.

"I have seen her two or three times, and she looks very nice; but I should be willing to take Helen Eyre's daughter on trust, any time."

#### IV.

It was a very grand-looking hall that Louise saw as the door was opened to her when she went to see Katy Eyre; and as she followed the servant up the fine broad stairway, she thought to herself, "The Eyres must be rich people, and I suppose Katy has no end of nice things; and, of course, as she is lame, she has nothing to do but be waited upon."

"Oh, do you mind my sending for you to come up here where all the children are?" suddenly asked a sweet voice as Louise came upon the second floor. Louise looked and saw a lovely face, the very image of Mrs. Eyre's; and an outstretched hand hospitably extended bade her welcome, as the owner stood in a doorway just at the head of the stairs.

"Mamma is out, and I have the younger children with me until she comes home," the sweet tones went on explaining.

"Oh, Taty, Taty, don't do away!" a little voice cried out from the room beyond at this moment.

Katy laughed. "Nobody's doing away, but somebody's coming," answered Katy Eyre; "and

here she is, Miss Louise Peyton, a nice somebody for you to be very kind and polite to, Miss Tottie."

As Katy turned, Louise saw that she walked with a crutch, but she seemed to fly over the floor with it.

There were two other children in the room besides Tottie,—a boy and a girl, one seven and the other nine years old. They had evidently been interrupted in a game by Katy's momentary withdrawal.

"How stupid!" thought Louise, as she saw that she was rather expected to join in this game—"some silly, childish thing," she was sure. But when Katy, with a little flush on her cheeks, looked up and said apologetically, "Would you think it rude if I just finished this game; it will only take a few minutes?" Louise quite cordially offered to join in the game herself.

Before the "few minutes" were over, she was so much interested that she was quite willing to accede to the children's proposal for "one more game." It was, to be sure, a childish game,—a game of picture-cards, each card bearing the face of some king or queen in English history. A set of smaller cards set forth in print corresponding dates, with a droll couplet attached. Katy would read the dates and the couplet, which was funnily descriptive; and the children would find great fun in selecting the picture-card that corresponded to it. Sometimes they would make a mistake, and then a forfeit of a card would have to be paid.

The couplets were not only funny but witty, and each made a pointed reference to some historical fact in the sovereign's reign, so that the memory was caught at once. It was this which interested Louise.

"I never saw this game. Where did you get it?" asked Louise with animation.

"Taty made it," spoke up Tottie.

Louise looked astonished and incredulous. Katy blushed, and the other children laughed. At this laugh Totty's face took on an indignant expression, and she exclaimed, "Taty *did* make it!"

Tottie's indignation bidding fair to increase still more if her word were not taken, Katy was forced to explain that the children had asked so many questions the previous winter, when she had been hunting up some dates in a pictorial history of England, that she had thought of this way to fix certain facts in their minds.

"And you *made* these cards, and these verses, and the whole plan?" inquired Louise.

"Oh, yes! The cards are easy enough. I drew the faces from the portraits I found of the kings and queens, and then painted them in water-colors. The rest was easier still, and great fun."



Louise began to say something of her admiration and amazement, when the door opened and Mrs. Eyre entered.

"We've been dood—we've been dood; Taty's tept us all 'mused!" Tottie burst out at sight of her mother.

"That 's nice; and what have you done for Katy?" said Mrs. Eyre, smiling upon them all.

Nine-year-old Amy held up a pair of gloves.

"Yes, Mamma, Amy has sewed up all those hateful holes for me, and I feel as if I had a new pair of gloves," said Katy, giving Amy a little look of thanks as she spoke.

Mrs. Eyre sat down in the low rocker Amy brought for her, and began talking now to Louise, now to Katy, with a word for the younger ones in a certain delightful way that was all her own. Louise at the end of her visit thought she had never had such a charming call.

And would Katy return her visit? she asked; and would she come "soon, very soon?"

"Oh, yes, I shall be delighted to come!" answered Katy; "but I don't believe I can, until after Mamma's birthday party. I have so much to do."

Louise looked a little surprised. She was thinking, "How can a disabled thing like Katy have so much to do, especially in a family like this, where there is evidently plenty of servants?" Perhaps

Mrs. Eyre saw something of this thought in Louise's face, for with a bright half-smile at Katy, she said:

"This is a very busy family, my dear; and Katy, as the head of my flock, is the busiest of all. I don't know what would become of us, if it were not for Katy. When she burned her finger last winter, and I had to answer all my notes of invitation, I really did n't know but I should have to give up society entirely."

Louise went home with a bee in *her* bonnet. A very busy family; and Katy, lame Katy, the busiest

of all! She wrote her mother's notes, and Louise had seen how she looked out for the children. What else did she do? But no doubt she had plenty of time; she was n't like other girls who had to study to get lessons, and—but Louise stopped, as she remembered the game of English History. There had been considerable studying to accomplish that!



"MAMMA IS OUT, AND I HAVE THE YOUNGER CHILDREN WITH ME UNTIL SHE COMES HOME."

One day after the birthday party, Katy was brought around to see her new friend. She came, so it seemed to Louise, flying in from the door as if her crutch were a wing,—an airy, joyous creature, bringing with her all sorts of bright busy thoughts and plans.

"How can you get time to do so much?" exclaimed Louise. "But if you don't go to school, of course——"

"Oh, I go to school."

"Do you?" rather faintly.

"Why, yes, I go to Mrs. Lemark's on the next street to us. Did you think I did n't go because of my lameness? I'm not lame from spinal disease, or from any disease now. I was hurt when I was a little child. I was thrown from a carriage, and my left leg crushed and broken. I am perfectly well, but one leg has always been shorter and weaker than the other, that's all."

Louise was silent for a moment at the simple "that's all." Then she said, "But you seem to do things for other people so much."

"Well, other people do things for me; and I'm my mother's eldest daughter, you know. Mamma and I are great friends," with a little laugh, "and we help each other as friends do."

"Mamma and I are great friends, and we help each other as friends do!" A queer, uncomfortable feeling assailed Louise at this. She presently roused herself, however, and said:

"I think your mother is lovely."

"Yes, is n't she? But you should come and see us in the country in the summer; then you would know her better. Here in the city she has so much to do; what with her charities, her poor people, and all that,—and her social duties."

"Oh, does your mother like society?"

"Like society? I don't know. I never thought to ask that. She knows people, just as your mother does; and she goes to see them, and invites them to see her. I heard her say once that she did n't care for just a quantity of people; but that to know and meet different minds and characters—people who lived in or out of the world, not frivolous people—was part of one's education. That is n't liking society for dress and showing off."

"Oh, no!"

"I heard my mother say, after she met you at your mother's, that by and by you would have an opportunity that very few girls have."

"I! What do you mean?" asked Louise.

"She said your mother and father had for their friends so many interesting people abroad and here, that by and by you would find it of the greatest advantage to you; those were just her words. I was reading the other day about Sir Richard Steele, who lived in Queen Anne's day, and what he said of a lady,—Lady Elizabeth Hastings,—that to know her or to love her was a liberal education. So, I suppose, to know some people is like that—an education. Mamma said, too, that your mother was so unspoiled by all the attention that she had received abroad!—that she was as simple and unaffected as she was when she went away, and never, unless somebody asked her about them, talked of the distinguished people she knew."

Louise felt the hot blood rushing to her face, as she remembered how she had condemned her

mother as a frivolous little woman of fashion, because she was "in society"; how she had, on sundry occasions, tried to show off her own book-knowledge to her; and how she had expected her to mend her clothes, and to fetch and carry for her as Aunt Frances had done. This mother, who had enjoyed such opportunities, and had profited by them without any thought of showing off! Here was this little lame girl, too, a girl of her own age, who went to school as she did, yet found time to do other things to help herself and other people, without neglecting her studies.

Louise was conceited and greatly spoiled, but she was honest; and when once confronted with the truth, she did not attempt to, indeed she could not, shut her eyes to it.

Rome was n't built in a day, and people do not correct their little vanities and sins in a day, even when their eyes are opened. Louise's eyes were wide open now, and never in all her life had she been so humiliated, so ashamed of herself. She went home with her busy guest in order to prolong a visit that seemed all too short, and on her way back she thought over and over what she had heard.

By the time she ascended the steps, Louise had her good resolutions all neatly arranged into little plans of amendment of this and that, wherever she felt that she had failed. She was in quite a glow of self-gratulation as she pulled the bell; for her little plans looked so fair and promising, so easy to accomplish! She had everything all cut and dried, she knew just what she was going to do. Alas for our little cut-and-dried plans! Standing there tingling with the keen air and her plans, Louise was suddenly surprised, as the door opened, to see her father coming down the hall with the family physician.

"What is the matter, Papa,—is Mamma ill?" she cried out, as she rushed past the servant who had admitted her.

"Hush, hush, my dear!" said the doctor, as he put up a warning finger. Her father did not so much as look at her, he was so absorbed in what the doctor was saying to him. Louise, awed and terrified, turned to the servant, "Oh, Morris, what is it?"

"Your ma has had a bad upset. She was out with William and the two horses, and something scared the beasts; and William was no good, for he was thrown at the fust corner, and your ma ——"

"Oh, Morris, is—is—Mamma——?"

"No, your ma was n't killed. It is a miracle she was n't, though; but she's hurt some, and I guess you'd better not go up to her just yet, you'd only be in the way."

The old serving-man, who had been around the world with Mr. Peyton, had his own ideas of the

use or uselessness of some people, and on occasions was wont to express himself rather frankly. Louise drew in her breath and choked the sob that rose in her throat. Just then her father turned from the door he was closing upon the doctor, and met her horrified gaze.

"Oh, Papa, Papa, can't I do something? I — I —" The sobs were getting the upper hand.

"Hush, hush, you must be quiet, my dear! No, no, there is nothing that you can do. I'm afraid you'd only be in the way. But, yes; you might go with this prescription to the apothecary."

The girl took the slip of paper from her father, and went toward the door with a heavy heart. Just as her hand was on the knob, Mr. Peyton seemed to recall himself from his one absorbing anxiety and said, "Don't worry, my dear; your mother is severely injured, and the doctor says she is doing well, but that we must have absolute quiet for her to do better."

Louise went out with a miserable feeling of being not only of no use, but very much in the way. Morris and her father had both said the same thing, had both feared she would be a trouble instead of a help. Once, not so very long ago, Louise would have resented this; now she began to look back to see what she had done and what she had left undone, and to contrast herself with Katy Eyre. Katy Eyre at such a crisis would have been her father's stay and comfort, all the household would have turned to her; but she, Louise, who was of the same age as Katy, was only fit to be sent out of the house upon an errand that any servant could have done. Yet had she ever before voluntarily gone forward to make herself of use in the household? She had unwillingly enough obeyed her mother's constant efforts to teach her to help herself: how then could she expect that the household would look to her to help others in any crisis? Yes, she was only fit to run upon errands. Suddenly lifting her head with a new thought, she said to herself, "I will at least do this as well as I can."

A weary time followed for the Peyton household. It was weeks before Mrs. Peyton saw any one besides the doctor, excepting her husband and Aunt Frances. The injuries were of a nature that rendered recovery slow and tedious. In these weeks Louise had gradually accepted and fitted herself into the place that seemed to be assigned her by the circumstances. She delivered messages, and on various occasions went upon sundry little errands that needed immediate attention. She also got into the way of receiving her mother's friends and acquaintances who came to make inquiries about her condition. One day her father came down the stairs as she stood in the hall taking

leave of two of these visitors. As the hall door closed upon them, he came forward with a smile and said:

"My dear, I'm glad you can be useful in this way; and you do it very well, I'm sure; you said quite the right thing, I observed."

The color deepened in Louise's cheeks, and her eyes shone. She was of some use, some little use, though it was only in the little ways of fetching, and carrying, and answering the questions of visitors.

Some little use as the daughter of the house! She had always remembered Katy's words about being her mother's eldest daughter; and Louise was her mother's *only* daughter. Oh, what would she not have given of all her showy school triumphs, if in these weeks of anxious waiting she could have remembered something that she had done spontaneously and voluntarily for her mother, as an only daughter might have done. But she had done nothing, nothing! And now, what if—? But she dared not dwell upon the terrible possibility that, after all, these weeks might not bring recovery, might not bring that sweet mother back to her. With this haunting "what if" constantly lurking in her mind, Louise went on with her daily life. Her school vacation had arrived, and this left her with plenty of time to devote to the little household errands, the "fetching, and carrying, and talking," as she called the duties that fell to her. Gradually, too, she had taken upon herself to attend to many little beautifying arrangements about the parlors, to see that her father's library-table was in order, his papers in readiness, and by and by to answer the numerous notes of inquiry and sympathy that poured in. Nobody paid any attention to this, or made any comment. Every one's attention was absorbed elsewhere. Sometimes a thought would cross her mind, that what she did was after all of but little consequence, that her father's clerk who came every day for business instructions might have answered all notes with the greatest ease, and that any servant might have done the rest far better than herself. "But Papa, no doubt, thinks it occupies and pleases me to do these things now," she would conclude with a little sigh, "and so allows me to do them. He is quite right, quite right; I ought not to expect to be of any better use." So, day by day, Louise went on with her self-imposed tasks, glad to be occupied, and getting what comfort she could from the thought that by and by, perhaps, she might show her mother how ready she was to be of real service and value,—day by day, until one morning her father came suddenly into the room where she was writing, and called out in a strange voice:

"Louise! Louise!"

She sprang to her feet, her face blanched with fear. What if—? Oh, had it come, indeed? Her mother—

"Louise, Louise, what is it? Did I frighten you?" Her father's arms were around her, and,—yes,—he was smiling upon her! She stifled her sobs, and with one great effort steadied her voice, "Oh, Papa; I thought that Mamma—"

"Yes, yes, I see I was too hasty; but it is such good news, Louise! Mamma is much, very much better, and she wants to see you. I think I can trust you now. I have n't been blind, and I've seen how you can control yourself and keep quiet."

With all her pretty hair cut off, pale and thin and looking like a child—was this indeed the beautiful little mother? But the lips parted in a smile, and the weak voice, with the sweet laughing ring in it, said, "My little great girl!"

Louise knelt down by the easy-chair. She could not say much, and there was no need for her to say much. Her mother understood; and hand in hand they sat for a while, quite silent. It was her mother who spoke first.

"You have been such a comfort—such a help, my dear! Papa has told me all about it, how you have made everything so pleasant and orderly downstairs, and answered all the notes. I fretted a great deal until I heard this; but when Papa told me, I began to feel easy. Yes, you've been a great comfort, my dear, a real daughter, and have done what only a daughter could do."

"Oh, Mamma!" but this was all that Louise dared say.

Not the least of the lessons that she had learned was to restrain herself for another's sake. She could have cried out in joyful amazement, but her mother could bear no excitement; and after that

"Oh, Mamma!" she sat quite still, holding her mother's thin hand in hers, but thinking, thinking all the time the most astonished thoughts. "A great comfort—a real daughter—what only a daughter could do." And she had estimated her work so meanly—hardly more than a servant's work.

Two years after this, Louise stood in her graduation dress, receiving the congratulations of her friends.

"Such a fine essay, Louise! Oh, I *knew* you'd win the prize," cried Sophy Kittredge, ecstatically.

Louise smiled a little absently; her eyes were seeking some one. Ah, here she was, coming toward her! When she was close beside her, Louise bent and whispered:

"Mamma, did you think it sounded priggish—was there any conceit in it?"

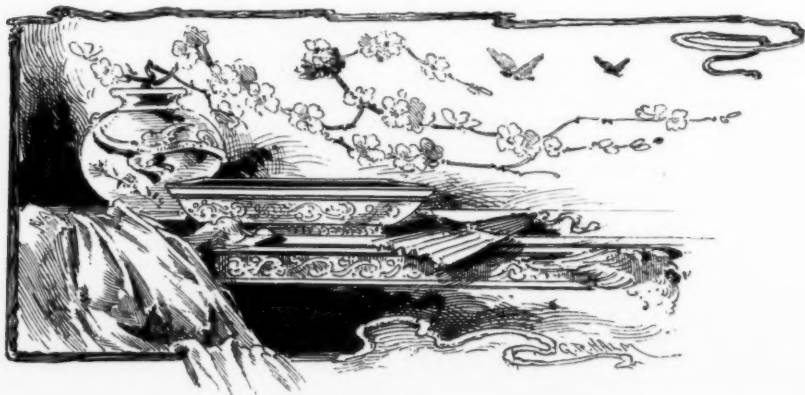
"Not a bit. I was proud of my little great girl."

Half-way down the room, two or three school-teachers stood discussing matters. One had been watching Louise very closely for the last hour. It was Miss Richards, her Newtown teacher. Presently she said to the others:

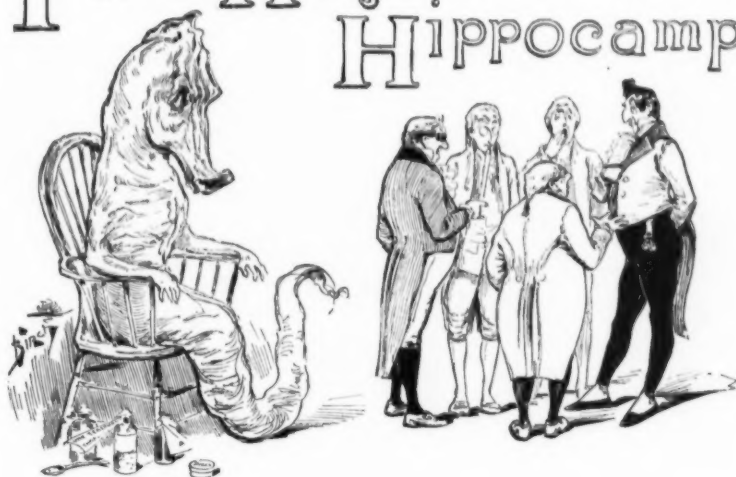
"I am so pleasantly disappointed in Louise Peyton!"

"Pleasantly disappointed? Why?" asked the Marlboro' street teacher.

"Why? Because when she was with me, she bade fair to be an arrogant, self-sufficient girl, always thinking of her own importance. Now she seems quite a different girl. She was always bright about her studies, but now there is something besides brightness,—she is sweet and attractive. I wonder what has changed her?"



# The Huge Hippocamp



There once was a Huge Hippocamp  
 Who was terribly troubled with cramp.  
 And the doctors all said  
 It would go to his head,  
 If he didn't move out of the damp.

## BIRDS AND BOYS.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

DOWN in the meadow the little brown  
 thrushes  
 Build them a nest in the barberry bushes;  
 And when it is finished all cozy and neat,  
 Three speckled eggs make their pleasure complete.  
 "Twit—ter—ee twitter!" they chirp to each  
 other,  
 "Building a nest is no end of a bother;  
 But oh, when our dear little birdies we see,  
 How happy we'll be! How happy we'll be!"

Up at the cottage where children are growing,  
 The young mother patiently sits at her sewing.  
 It's something to work for small hobbledehoy  
 That *will* tear their trowsers and make such a  
 noise;  
 "And one must admit," says the dear little  
 mother,  
 "That bringing up boys is no end of a bother;  
 But oh, when they kiss me, and climb on my  
 knee,  
 It's sweetness for me, it's sweetness for me!"



## LINDIE'S PORTRAIT.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

ONE morning Belinda Ames woke up in the usual way, found the day cheerfully sunny, was washed and dressed and curled and poked around and around like a ball by her nurse, had her breakfast served to her with frequent remarks about the extreme dislike of the table-cloth for bread and milk, was set upon her four-year-old feet and allowed to run off to find her mother,—and was waylaid by her uncle Waldo, who exclaimed, ever so loudly and ever so gayly, "So here 's the little girl who is going to be painted!"

Now, you never knew when Lindie was going to be surprisingly wise for her years; but she was so very often.

"I s'all not be painted!" said she. "My face does not come off when I am scrubbed."

It was no use, so it always seemed to Lindie, to take the trouble to tell older people that black was not white; for they only laughed as if common sense in her quite destroyed any that they themselves had possessed. It happened that her uncle Waldo had helped to paint up Pinkie Little-nose, the chief doll of the dolls in Lindie's nursery, when Pinkie had turned pale after having her head held in a tub of water; and of course now he burst into a great roar of laughter, when his tiny niece hinted in this way that she had more advantages than her doll.

"Why, I mean you 're to be painted just as grandfather was," he soon resumed. "Would n't you like to look like that, sitting all by yourself in a great gilt frame?"

"No," cried Lindie, pursing up her mouth. "I don't want to look a hundert! I want Mamma."

"You are looking for Mamma, pet? Here she is," called the voice Lindie loved best.

But it was perfectly true, as Lindie found, that she was to be painted, and hung on the wall in a big frame. One of her papa's friends was to paint her; and she hoped it would n't hurt like thorns and curling-sticks. She certainly wondered why they wanted a picture of her. She would always be "around," and always look just the same, she thought. She decided that grown people had too many ideas. There was always something which they would say "*must* be done," from being silent to repeating "We are Seven."

"Now, Lindie, sit down in that chair over there, in any way you like," said her papa's friend, when she went with her Mamma to his studio that afternoon. "In any way you like, my dear."

Lindie climbed into the big chair and curled herself up like a kitten, with one hand touching her toes, and Pinkie in the other erect as a mast.

"My darling!" cried her mamma, "I never saw you in such a position before!"

"I am happy, this way," Lindie replied. "I've always enjoyed it. I only wish I had claws and a purr."

"My love, get right down, and try again," her mother commanded.

This time Lindie became the mast, and held Pinkie by the heel, both of them boiling with rage.

"Why did you begin by asking her to have her own way?" Lindie's mamma moaned to the artist friend, who now held a palette big enough for a doll's dining-table, and was putting dishes of paint on it, of which Lindie longed to have a taste.

"I shall have to arrange you, dear," said the artist, coming toward her. "I think I can make you more comfortable than you are now, at any rate."

"Are you going to take me apart," asked she, very mildly, but ready to become terrible at the right moment.

"Oh, dear, no, you little goose; you 're made all in one piece, like paper people."

"I never saw a paper goose," muttered Lindie, allowing her arms and legs to be placed at different angles, but removing them to other attitudes as soon as her papa's friend had let go of them.

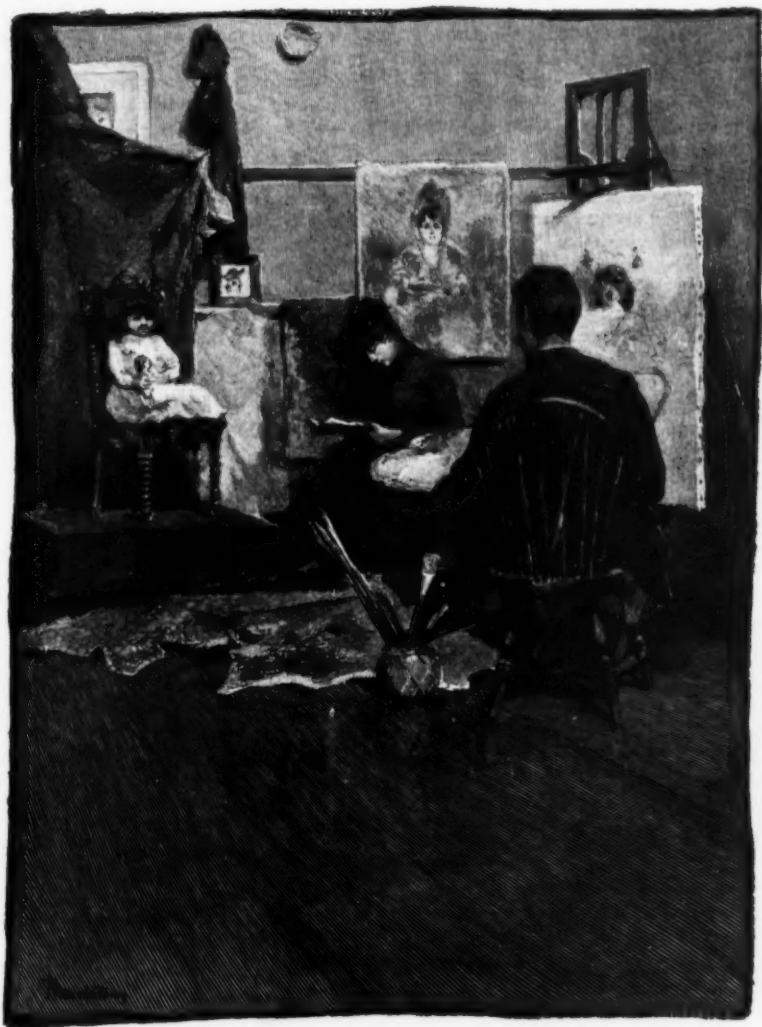
"I meant to say, you are a windmill," retorted the artist, somewhat distractedly.

"Now, dearie, this won't do," said her mamma, coming to the scene of action, and patting Lindie on the cheek. "If I will read you the story of 'The Blue-eyed Rabbit,' will you forget about your legs and arms?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Lindie, enraptured, and at once making Pinkie ready to listen.

"What a charming pose!" remarked the artist, setting to work. "Please to stay so, dear."

"There was once a little rabbit," began Lindie's mamma, "who had blue eyes instead of pink ones. And this was how it happened. The little rabbit began with pink eyes, as a rabbit is expected to do; but one day it wished for pretty blue eyes, no one could have told why. Why, indeed, should it want blue eyes? It could make no difference what color they were, so long as the cunning little rabbit



"OH, YES!" CRIED LINDIE, ENRAPTURED, AND AT ONCE MAKING FINKIE READY TO LISTEN."

could see the sunlight in the kitchen-garden, and know when to nod good-morning to the rest of the rabbits. But on a certain day, not long after the rabbit had wished for blue eyes, it began to race up and down the path, as if it intended to have everybody else chase it at the same mad pace. The quiet rabbits, who sat upon a patch of soft grass hard by under some shady trees, looked at our little rabbit in astonishment, although they did not for a moment think of bestirring themselves. Rabbits can sit still for a wonderfully

long time, as much as to say that one place is as good as another. Up and down the paths flew the little rabbit, or tumbled heels-over-head in its hurry, until it looked as if it had half a dozen ears instead of two, and its little button of a tail was always bobbing up in the air. The quiet rabbits on the grass became so dizzy with watching the performance, that they looked extremely frightened, and stopped munching the bits of lettuce with which they were amusing themselves. At last, the little rogue ran directly toward the oldest

rabbit in the group, hit it on the nose with its own, and thereupon fell fainting on the ground.

"Dear me," said the old rabbit, as soon as he could speak, "I wish this dreadful little rabbit had been born a few years from now!"

"You are not like the rest of us in your behavior," said another one, coming up to fan the little rabbit with a twig of apple blossoms. "We are expected to be very quiet, unless there is need of scampering. Did you need to scamper when there was n't a dog or turkey anywhere about?"

"At these severe remarks our little rabbit opened its eyes to defend itself; and then everybody noticed that its eyes were blue! They all drew back in alarm. By this time the little rabbit had become sufficiently refreshed to get up again; and it at once stood on its hind legs and danced and capered as if it were delighted to show its steps. There was evidently no real repose for that rabbit, until it should drop dead with fatigue. But now all the other rabbits knew the cause of its peculiar behavior, and cried out that it was the blue eyes which had caused the mischief.

"You should have been content to look just like the rest of the rabbits," they added. "Who knows but that it is our pink eyes which make us so well mannered, and able to remain on one spot for half an hour at a time? Most little girls have blue eyes, and you have seen how frisky they are. Why don't you wish for yellow curls and a straw hat?" they went on, still more sarcastically.

"This idea of wearing curls and a hat struck the little rabbit as so funny that it picked up a bit of lettuce which happened to be near, and sat down to think the subject over. Every time it fully realized the picture it would make in this queer, unrabbit-like guise, it chewed more rapidly at the lettuce-leaf, and its eyes sparkled more merrily than before. And, wonderful to relate, by the time its quiet little laugh was over, and the lettuce-leaf was nibbled quite out of sight, the little rabbit's eyes had again become pink, and it was restored to its former comfort and happiness."

"Oh, Mamma, how s'eeepy you have made me!" exclaimed Lindie, who had not changed her pose an inch since the story was begun. "All those still rabbits, and then the jumpy rabbit who got so tired—oh!" Lindie yawned and stretched, and then leaned her head on the arm of her chair, and prepared to go to sleep without more prelude.

"Gracious! This will never do!" cried Papa's friend, who was now deeply interested in the sketch of Lindie which he had made. "Can not we give her a little tea, just for once?"

"Tea!" replied Mamma, in horror, as if she would expect Lindie to grow into an old woman at once, if she even tasted of a cup of tea. "What are you *thinking of*, my dear friend? But it is usually the way; a child of her age is all action, or all asleep, or else all ears. Perhaps I can think of a story which will rouse her."

As Mrs. Ames covered her eyes with her hand in order to reflect, and the artist at the easel dashed in a background to his picture quite furiously,—so that one would have imagined the sight of the bare canvas made his head ache, and he was covering it up on that account,—Lindie opened one eye and watched the big people sitting before her. By the time Mrs. Ames looked up, ready with a story, and the artist gave a sigh of relief after his exertions, Lindie was arranging her doll's apron, with no thought of a nap.

"Why, child, I supposed you were sound asleep!" cried her mamma.

"Oh, not *now*," responded Lindie. "That was a week ago!" And she placed Pinkie on her own head, and mixed the doll's legs up with her sparkling eyes and pink nose, so that the artist threw himself back in his chair and exclaimed:

"Lindie! if I had not been brought up to be polite, I don't know what I should say!"

"I will sing to you about the brown butterfly," said her mamma, "if you will sit as you did before, for ten minutes."

"Well, wait ten minutes first," answered Lindie, riding, as she sat in her chair, an imaginary horse, whose gait was none of the softest.

"If you will keep your face in that position, you can jog up and down as much as you like," the artist consented, kindly.

"What is a posisson?" inquired Lindie, standing up in her seat, turning her back, and dangling Pinkie over the abyss behind the chair.

Papa's friend started to his feet and rammed his paint-brushes through a hole in his palette, and laid it on his chair, and then pretended to tear his hair out by the handful.

The door opened energetically, and in walked Lindie's uncle, as merry as a bird.

"Ho, little pet! Open war? What a lovely likeness! Could n't be more like her, Jarvis, if you 'd pasted her on! Great success, Louise! All but done, is n't it? Family heirloom, already! I can see it descending through future centuries! Jarvis, you're immensely gifted, my boy! Lindie, are n't you a pretty little witch, after all?"

"Mamma," called Lindie angrily, turning around to full view; "what is a which?"

## A BED-TIME SONG.

BY LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE.

SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray,  
This is the ferry for Shadowtown ;  
It always sails at the end of day,  
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so ;  
A sleepy kiss is the only fare ;  
Drifting away from the world we go,  
Baby and I in the rocking-chair.

See, where the fire-logs glow and spark,  
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland ;  
The winter rain on the window — hark !  
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,  
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still ;  
Blossoms are waving above its brim —  
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light ;  
Silently lower the anchor down.  
Dear little passenger say, " Good-night,"  
We 've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.



READY TO SPRING.





## WINNING A COMMISSION.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

## I.

ONE day as Fred Arden was looking over the columns of a local paper, his attention was attracted by this notice:

"A competitive examination for the vacant cadetship at the United States Military Academy, from the Third Congressional District, will be held at West Harville, Me., at 3 P. M., Nov. 22. For further information, address C. H. WILLSON, Oxford, Maine."

That was all; but to Fred it showed a golden opportunity. He had long desired an appointment to the Military Academy. Now he saw a chance for the fulfillment of his dreams, and he at once determined to take the examination. "I'll do it," he said; and he forthwith devoted all his energies to the task before him.

The notice did not state what branches of study the examination would include, and Fred lost no time in writing for "further information" to the Hon. C. H. Willson, the congressman from the Third District. In reply he received a printed circular, showing the nature of the entrance examination at West Point, and also a written communication to the effect that the competitive examination would include only the branches of study named in the printed circular—reading, spelling, arithmetic, United States history, geography, and English grammar.

Two weeks now remained before the examination, and Fred devoted those precious days to a thorough overhauling of text-books and brushing up his slightly rusty knowledge of those subjects.

The eventful day arrived all too soon, and Fred boarded the first train for West Harville.

He found a vacant seat next to a tall, sloping-shouldered youth, whom he soon discovered was bound on the same errand. Mutual introductions followed, and Fred learned that his rival's name was Ben Thompson. The two, with no thought of jealousy, compared notes on the subject nearest to both of them with perfect freedom. When they reached West Harville each regarded the other as a jolly good fellow; and Ben's "Well, old fellow, if I don't get it, I hope you will," was heartily echoed by Fred.

In the hall where the examination was to be held, they found half a dozen other contestants nervously awaiting the ordeal; and promptly at three o'clock the examining committee, consisting of a college professor, a well-known doctor, and a lawyer of repute, put in an appearance, and soon

after Congressman Willson also came in. Then the examination began.

First in order was the physical examination, which all succeeded in passing. Then they were taken to a larger room and given seats at a long table; each provided himself with pencil and paper, and prepared for the real struggle.

After a few hours' hard work, during which the strains of a wheezy hand-organ in the street gave an added touch of torture, the examination was concluded, and the boys filed out of the room and down the stairs with many conjectures as to failure or success.

After the lapse of a few days Fred was made glad by the receipt of the following letter from Congressman Willson:

"OXFORD, ME., Nov. 26, 1880.

"MR. FRED ARDEN. *Dear Sir:* The board of examiners recommended you for appointment to West Point, and I shall send your nomination to the Secretary of War next week. Please let me know the number of years you have resided in this Congressional District.

"Very respectfully, C. H. WILLSON."

A little later Fred received a letter from Ben Thompson congratulating him upon his good fortune, and pleasantly predicting continued success.

After about two weeks came official papers from Washington, notifying Fred that the President had appointed him a "conditional cadet" at the Military Academy, and that, if he still desired the appointment, he was to report at West Point, N. Y., on the twelfth day of June following, for the entrance examinations. Fred smiled as he read the phrase, "If you still desire the appointment." But later, in his first cadet encampment, he saw its force and application.

Although Fred had passed one examination, he was not yet a cadet; he had only acquired the nomination to a cadetship, and had still other examinations, and severer ones, to pass, before he could don the cadet gray. All his success at previous examinations would have no effect or bearing on those to come. Fred realized this fully and occupied himself from this time on in making preparations for leaving home, and in studying for the coming "preliminary" examinations at West Point.

At last the day of departure arrived, and with a heart like lead, Fred was rapidly borne away from a throng of well-wishers, from his home and all the scenes of his boyhood.

In due time he reached Garrison's, the small station opposite West Point.

He crossed the Hudson in the comical old ferry-boat Highlander, and took a seat in one of the crowded busses for the hotel, where all alighted and ascended the steps. Just as Fred reached the porch, his attention was attracted by a tall, slender, ramrod-like young man who passed, attired in immaculate white trousers and a tight-fitting gray coat, the forty-four brass buttons on which glistened and glittered, and reflected the light until each bit of metal might have been taken for a small incandescent lamp. It was Fred's first sight of a cadet in uniform, and he followed the retreating figure with all his eyes.

"Well, is *that* a cadet? Well——" Fred drew a long breath and went inside and registered.

That same evening the exhibition drill at the mortar battery took place, and, attracted by the roar of the mortars, Fred went out to witness the display; and there he fell in with three other young fellows, also candidates for admission to the academy. These boys, who were named Craw, Delange, and Nolan, all hailed from different States, from Mississippi, Illinois, and New York respectively; they welcomed Fred as a "Down East Yankee," and the quartette thus formed was a merry party. For two days they busied themselves strolling about the pleasant paths, reading the dates of Mexican battles cut in the ledges of rock, exploring points of interest, and eagerly watching the various brilliant military spectacles. At the same time they refreshed their memories on examination subjects, until the twelfth of June should arrive, when they must report their arrival to the Adjutant of the Military Academy, come under a severe system of restriction and military discipline, and commence a new chapter in the book of their experience—the chapter of cadet life.

## II.

EARLY in the forenoon of the twelfth, Fred, with his three companions, Nolan, Craw, and Delange, went down across the broad plain to the Headquarters Building to report their presence to the Adjutant of the academy. There, grouped upon the stone steps of the building, they found a number of other candidates. One after another, in turn, they walked into the office, and showed their credentials to a clerk who recorded each arrival in a large book, while another inquired of each one the names of his parents or guardians and their pecuniary condition, whether "rich, poor, or medium," putting down the answers in another volume.

Then each candidate was sent to the hospital for a physical examination. Here a trio of grave army surgeons tested, weighed, and examined

thoroughly each arrival, and then furnished him with a certificate to the effect that he had passed successfully, or had been rejected, as the case might be.

Upon receiving their certificates, Fred and his three friends returned to the Headquarters Building, where they deposited all their money with the treasurer, in accordance with a regulation of the academy, which also prohibits the cadets from receiving money or supplies of any kind from outside sources.

When a number of successful applicants had returned from the hospital, they were put in charge of an orderly, who conducted them to Cadet Barracks. The orderly, well knowing what treatment was in store for his charges, was very hilarious at their expense; but if a candidate addressed him, he suddenly became deeply mysterious.

Before admission to the academy, the candidate often finds that to cadets he is known only as a "thing"; after admission he is recognized as a "plebe," and occasionally as a "conditional thing." But the term "plebe" holds throughout the year, as though to be one were a disgrace. During this year the cadet lives under a cloud; no social intercourse falls to his lot, and to all upper classmen he is known as "Mister" so and so. Consequently, though the advent of the candidates is welcome to all classes, it is hailed with especial joy by the year-old plebes, or fourth class; for to them it means not only advancement to a higher class, but also emancipation from the discomforts of plebe year.

As Fred's party crossed the area of barracks,—a very ordinary-looking collection of youths, I must admit,—their arrival was heralded with shouts of "Here come the plebes! Turn out, fellows, and see the show!" and immediately groups of cadets appeared at the barrack doors and windows, to observe and comment upon the candidates' appearance, and to prophesy concerning their chances and approaching woes.

The orderly took the party to the hall of the eighth division of barracks, and told them to wait there quietly, and to enter the "office" one at a time, as their turn came, and report. Then immediately began a course of the treatment known as "hazing." When Fred Arden opened the door and walked in, he immediately found himself the center of a howling mob of cadets, who "would like to know, sir, what you mean by walking into this office without knocking, sir? Step out there and try it over again!"

Fred precipitately backed out, and closing the door, knocked. A stentorian voice shouted, "Come in!" and he came. But once again had he offended in the matter of etiquette, as he soon

discovered from the cries of "Take that hat off, sir!" "Where were you brought up, I'd like to know?" "Don't you know better than to keep your hat on in the presence of your superior officers, sir?" "Get out there in the hall again, sir, and leave that hat there, and I-want-to-see-you-button-that-coat-up-this-time-too-sir, do you understand?" "Step out now and be quick about it."

Fred had not uttered a word in reply to this tirade, for he was far too surprised. But he



"WELL, IS THAT A CADET?"

"stepped out" and made the alterations suggested; while his fellow-martyrs, who were still waiting their turn, looked on in unhappy anticipation.

Fred's third attempt at entrance was more satisfactory, and a cadet-corporal approached him in a very business-like manner and accosted him with:

"Well, what are you here for? What do you want?"

Fred replied that he came in to report.

"Well, then, why *don't* you 'report,' and climb out again? What's your name?"

"Fred Arden."

"What!"

"Fred Arden," in a louder tone.

"Mister Arden, sir," shouted the cadet-corporal.

"Yes, sir," Fred admitted; "that's it."

"Then suppose you report properly; I have no time to waste. What's your name?"

"Mister Arden."

"Mister Arden, sir!" roared the now apparently exasperated fledgeling.

"Mister Arden, *sir!*" repeated Fred with emphasis.

"Ah! now, where are you from?" demanded his inquisitor.

"From Maine—sir!" replied Fred, rendered wise by experience.

"There, now, you have made some progress," commented the tormentor. "You have learned to address old cadets as 'sir.' Never forget this. Also, understand that you are now under military discipline, and that a soldier's first duty is strict obedience to orders. Here, Jake," he continued, turning to a cadet near him; "take it upstairs and cage it."

With a gruff "Come along, sir," "Jake" led the way up the iron staircase to a room on the third floor, and with a gruffer "You stay in there until further orders," left Fred to his own devices.

Fred's first act was to examine his "cage." A single window, set with diamond-shaped panes of glass, admitted light into the room, which was furnished in a style of severe simplicity. From one wall, a partition which reached to within three feet of the ceiling, and extended about a third of the way across the room, divided that portion of the apartment into two alcoves. In each alcove was a narrow iron bedstead. A small wooden table was placed against the wall, under a gas-jet; and an arrangement of wooden shelves occupied the corner behind the door. The walls were whitewashed, the fire-place painted black, while the floor was bare and unpainted.

The ways of receiving candidates are almost as many as the candidates themselves, and all conceived in a fun-loving spirit. Crow, who was soon brought up to Fred's room, told of a reception very different from Fred's.

He was received with profound bows and a suave "Good-morning, sir. Will you please favor us with your name and address?"

Somewhat taken aback, he replied that his name was Crow and that he was from Mississippi.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Crow, I am delighted to meet you. I hope you are not fatigued after your long journey. Ah, not at all? So glad to hear it, I assure you."

The cadet rubbed his hands together and smiled in imitation of a well-known professor.

"So you intend to become a cadet, and ultimately an army officer? Yes? I am delighted; and you may rest assured that I shall do all in my power to

make your stay interesting. I perceive that you will be an ornament to the service, sir. Perhaps now you would like to be shown to your room. So sorry we have no vacant single apartments, but at present they are all occupied. Still, we can give you a very pleasant room with but one occupant, on the third floor back. I think it will suit you. Here Jacob, show this gentleman up to number twelve."

And "Jake," with a deferential "This way, if you please, sir," escorted him up to Fred's room, regretting on the way that the elevator was temporarily disabled.

Fred Arden and Craw, being thus placed together, became room-mates during the examinations, and established an intimacy that continued throughout the entire four years' course.

Soon after Craw had been shown to Fred's room, as the two boys were seated on one of the beds talking of their new experiences, they were startled by a shout in the lower hall:

"Candidates-a-tes, turn out promptly!"

Rushing headlong downstairs and out-of-doors, they found a confused mass of candidates whom the cadet officers in charge were endeavoring to form in double rank. This difficult task accomplished, the roll was called and the column marched to the Commissary Building, where each candidate received a mattress, a pillow, a blanket, and an arm-chair, and one occupant of each room received in addition a narrow-minded washstand, a wooden bucket, and a washbowl. As soon as each had received all he was entitled to, he returned to his room, carrying his newly acquired chattels with him, and arranged them in accordance with precise instructions.

At one o'clock the candidates were turned out for dinner, and were formed in column in rear of the cadet battalions and marched to the Mess Hall. There were boys from every quarter of the Union, and the difference in size, manner, and dress, combined with a certain cat-in-a-strange-garret air, caused them to present a ludicrous appearance, which was heightened by contrast with the perfectly "dressed" \* lines of well "set-up,"† uniformed cadets who marched just in front.

At the command "Candidates, take seats!" Fred and his companions in affliction sat down at the tables set apart for them. Each table seated ten at a side, and one at each end. Those at the head and foot were called the "carvers," and upon them devolved the duty of seeing that the others received their share of the food. At each table was also one of the cadet officers in charge of candidates, and they were vigilant in preserving a high degree of decorum among their subjects.

In the course of three days all the candidates

had reported, and the preliminary examinations commenced. Five days were required to complete them, and then all waited with what patience they could command for the result to be made known.

One day was heard again the familiar cry of "Candidates, turn out promptly!" Line was quickly formed, and the Adjutant read from a list the names of those who had failed, each as his name was called stepping a pace to the front.

Nolan was among the "foundlings." He took his failure so much to heart that he did not return home, but from New York sailed for Cuba. On his arrival there he wrote to Fred, but that was the last any of the three friends ever heard of him.

Of all the candidates — over a hundred — but seventy-three succeeded in entering, and among these were Craw, Delange, and Fred Arden. Thenceforth they were not "candidates," but the class of '85. Officially they were "conditional cadets," and were so known until the semi-annual examination in the following January. Unofficially they were called "plebes," and the name clung throughout the whole first year, and was applied to everything connected with it, — plebe class, plebe camp, plebe barracks, plebe year, and plebe course of study.

### III.

HAVING now been admitted to the Military Academy, the military instruction of the new cadets was immediately commenced. Every day they were given the "setting-up" exercises, and were put through "squad" drill remorselessly. For the purpose of drilling, the class was told off into squads of five or six, and each squad committed to the care of a third-class corporal or drill-master. Fred thought at first that these ambitious "yearlings," as the third-class men are called, took a deep delight in making the drill unnecessarily severe; for he could not observe at first that all was ordered by an authority higher than a cadet-corporal. But the peculiar intonation with which some of the drill-masters would command, "Fall in here, *my* squad!" — as though they would add, "and you'll be glad enough when I let you go again," — struck terror to his heart.

Every June, following the graduation of the first class, the corps of cadets goes into camp for two months. This is a season of rest from study, although instruction in military duties goes on with increased vigor. During the summer, also, the cadets give a series of hops and Germans which attract many people. The hotels in the neighborhood are well filled, and West Point wears a holiday aspect. It is on exhibition, and many come to see and admire.

Accordingly, soon after the result of the exami-

\* Arranged in straight lines and at proper distances.

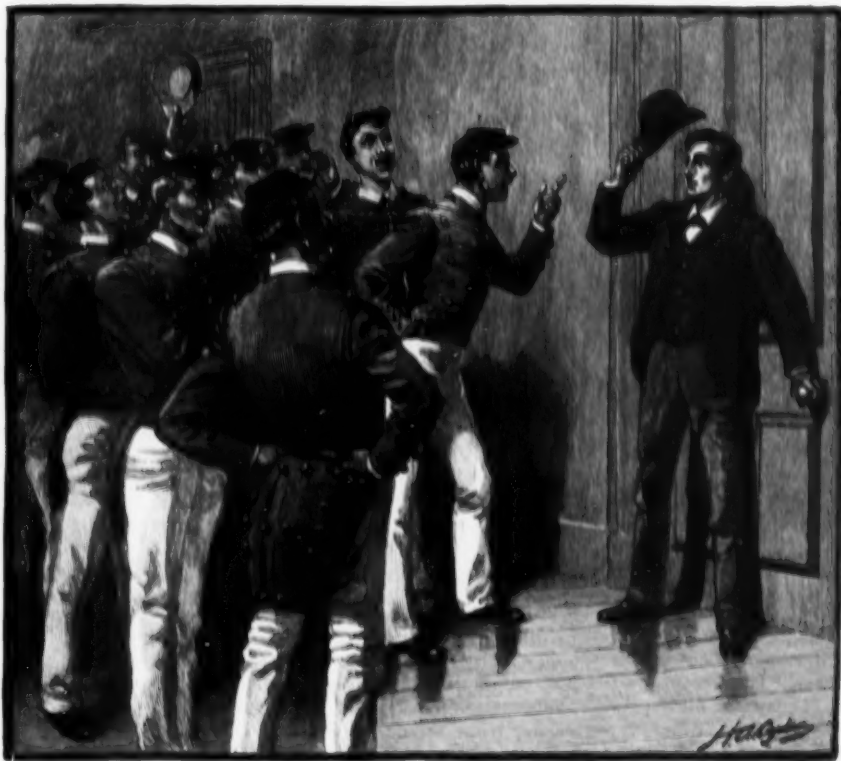
† In proper military style — in fit condition for parade.

nations was made known, Fred's class left barracks and was marched into camp. Its worldly effects were rolled up in blankets, and conveyed to the camp in wagons; while the new class, in column of fours, marched across the plain to the lively music of fife and drum.

As a military organization, the cadets of the academy constitute a battalion, commanded by an army officer, who is known as the Commandant of Cadets. The battalion is divided into four companies, designated as companies "A," "B," "C," and "D." Each company is in charge of

smaller to "C" and "B." Craw and Fred were both assigned to "A" company, and occupied the same tent; and as three new cadets were placed in each of the tents assigned to that class, Delange too went in with them. They found themselves somewhat crowded, for the tents are designed for one rather than three, and most of their spare time the first day was spent in dividing and arranging the limited space at their disposal.

That night, upon turning in, Delange carefully closed all the openings in their canvas house, which consequently soon became as hot as a



"DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO KEEP YOUR HAT ON IN THE PRESENCE OF YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICERS, SIR?"

an officer of the army, usually a lieutenant, and has in addition a full quota of cadet officers. The captains and lieutenants are chosen from the first class, the sergeants from the second, and the corporals from the third. Officers' chevrons are considered highly desirable, and there is always great rivalry for the honor that attaches to them.

Plebe class was divided among the cadet companies in nearly equal portions; the larger men going to "A" and "D" companies, and the

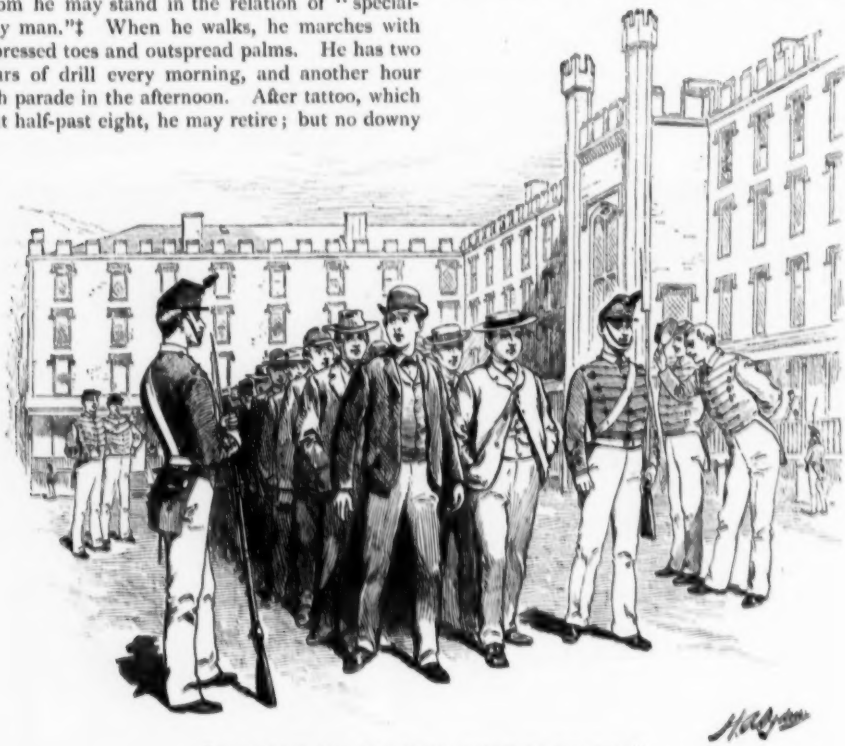
Dutch oven. It was not long, however, before a corporal made them "open up," amid the jeers of the yearlings, though greatly to their own comfort. After that, on clear nights the tent was always left open.

The summer camp is one round of labor for the plebe. If he were transported to another planet, there could hardly be a greater change in his life than that which he experiences when he leaves the comforts of his home and plunges into the



routine of military drill and discipline of West Point. He rises at five in the morning for reveille,\* and in half an hour marches to breakfast, the interval being employed in doing the policing† of his own tent, and of the tent of the cadet to whom he may stand in the relation of "special-duty man."‡ When he walks, he marches with depressed toes and outspread palms. He has two hours of drill every morning, and another hour with parade in the afternoon. After tattoo, which is at half-past eight, he may retire; but no downy

in the question of his treatment by older cadets. So far as Fred's own experience went, his annoyance was very slight. Ability to sing, play, dance, or render one's self entertaining in some such way is highly appreciated by cadets; and a



"THERE WERE BOYS FROM EVERY QUARTER OF THE UNION."

couch awaits him. He spreads his blanket on the tent floor, and spreads himself on that, with a quilt drawn over him for protection against the night cold. The only change from this programme is on Sundays, or on days when he marches on guard. On Sunday there is the Sunday morning inspection, and two hours at chapel, making it anything but a day of rest; and when, as a sentinel, he marches on guard in the morning, he walks post two hours at a stretch in sunshine and in rain, with four-hour intervals, during the whole twenty-four hours that elapse before the guard is relieved.

This much, in general, falls to the lot of every plebe, in the way of duty. Aside from this, comes

readiness to exercise what few accomplishments he may possess usually saves the plebe much harassing.

During his school days Fred had committed to memory a few humorous poems, and the occasional rendering of them in his plebe camp was about all the "hazing" to which he was subjected.

Of course all did not escape so easily. Many had guns to clean and water to carry and bedding to pile for the upper-class men, and were unpleasantly "roughed" in other ways; but experience afterward convinced Fred that the ill-usage which a new cadet ordinarily receives is almost always exaggerated in the accounts which reach the public through the press.

(To be continued.)

\* Pronounced rev'-a-lee.

† The cleansing of a camp or garrison.

‡ When a cadet is on guard duty, or otherwise employed so as to be unable to police his own tent, this duty is assigned to another cadet who is called his "special-duty man."

## DOLLS' HOSPITALS.

BY HOPE HOWARD.



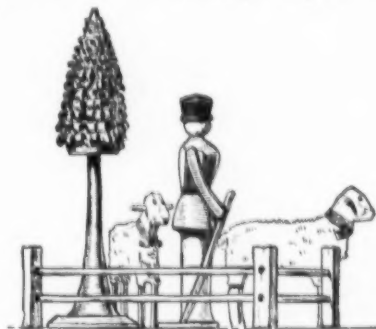
A DOLL SALON, PARIS.

ONE needs to go about the world with his eyes open for a few years only, to find how ignorant he was before his journeyings began, or to learn that while he thought himself possessed of ordinary kindness and tenderness, he may in reality have been deficient in both.

Never was my mind so opened to this fact as when, walking one day on Wilsdruffer Strasse, in Dresden, I was arrested by a large sign over the door of a building that I was passing, the words of which, translated into literal English, meant "Dolls' Invalid Hospital." I had all my life lived in a land where hospitals abounded, had been a director in hospital boards, had worked in them and for them during the War of the Rebellion, had paid dues to them for many years; but here was an appeal which had never been made to my heart before. I had never so much as heard of an "Invalid Dolls' Hospital." That great family, so tenderly beloved, and which has held so important a part in the world's history—what had Americans ever done for its afflicted members? To our shame be it said, we have been as cruel as the pariahs of India, who place their sick fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and children in great sheds, and leave them to be sustained by what charity throws them, or to die unaided when illness overtakes them. In fact, our method of abandoning dolls has been worse, as many a rag-bag, ash-barrel, and dust-heap might testify. And when I saw that sign, I felt the blush of shame mantle my cheek; and I tried to excuse the neglect by saying to myself:

"We are yet so young! Here is Saxony, which has existed for many centuries, while we are only one century old! She has had time to work up this reform, which with us is yet of the future."

Now, Germany is really the Doll Country. We hear at home of the Paris doll as the representative of its race. It is true that the doll population of France, and especially of Paris, is very large; but it is essentially a class race in the latter place. As you pass through the streets, you see them dressed in the latest mode, and looking at you out of their great eyes for approval of their style. But in Dresden and other German cities you see dolls of every rank. You see them in every style of dress and undress. You encounter them of every nationality, represented by its peculiar costume, and not, as in France, all Parisianized. You see establishments devoted entirely to the fashioning of their clothing; you go to an adjacent town to visit some manufactory of porcelain, or historical monument, and you find wholesale makers of dolls' bonnets, and you become



A RURAL SCENE, SAXONY.

impressed with the importance of the position the doll occupies in the economy of the world. The appliances for their comfort accumulate as

time rolls on, and there is nothing which any nation of refinement possesses which is not furnished to the doll-folk. I saw all the latest im-

I walked through Friedrichs Allée. This is a broad, unpaved street, which extends a long distance across the busy part of the town. Rows of



DANGERS OF THE RAIL.

provements, from cooking ranges and laundry conveniences up to the luxuries of the drawing-room, boudoir, toilet and ball-room, repeated for them in Dresden, until I felt myself to be but a cipher, in that I was wholly without many of the appointments which are considered necessary for even a well-to-do doll.

But these very things—luxury and the excessive refinement of life—bring illness and suffering in their train, and thus I could understand how necessary were the wise provisions I had seen for their relief. I was, therefore, the more gratified when a day or two after passing the Invalid Dolls' Hospital I saw other like institutions of mercy, as

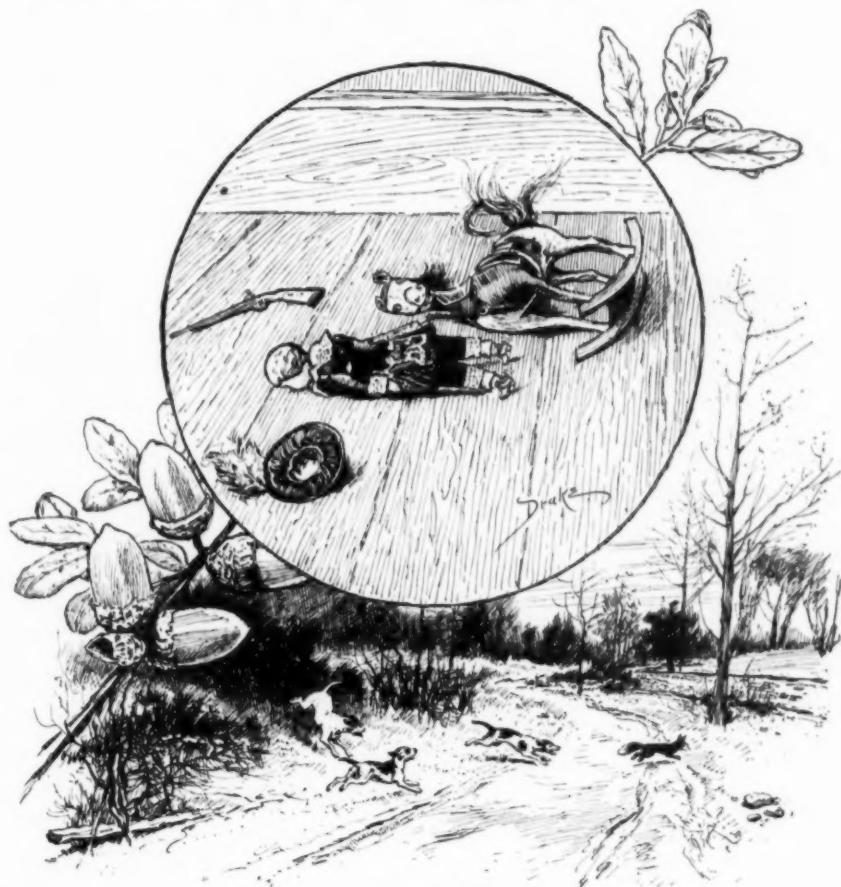
fine trees line the walks. The houses stand about fifty feet from the street, and have in front pleasant yards inclosed by open fences. In the spring, summer, and autumn it is a charming locality, airy and attractive. Here one may walk shielded from the rays of the sun; and the situation is as healthful as one could wish, and eminently adapted to the comfort of the ill.

On the great gate-post of one of these houses I saw a sign bearing this legend, "Dolls' Retreat"; and near it another, "Dolls' Infirmary." I determined to investigate the workings of all these institutions and to make them known to my countrymen, or, more particularly, to my little

countrywomen, who naturally are more interested in woes of this special sort. I went first to the Invalid Dolls' Hospital, but found to my dismay that to none of these dolls' institutions was any one admitted, save the directors and the families of patients. I told the head surgeon, as I dubbed the proprietor, that my desire was to carry back to America some account of this noble work; and he very graciously gave me some information which I take pleasure in communicating to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

He informed me that as a rule doll-folk were less subject to internal maladies than to fractures

a few cases which may be of interest. One was a blonde young creature who had lost all her hair. The injury occurred in a railway accident, when toy railway cars had come into collision. She had been projected through a window by the shock, and her hair had been wound about the car wheel until it was fairly lifted from the crown of her head. By an application of a certain cereous preparation to the wound, and a kind of engrafting process, which, as he described it, seemed a perfect triumph of science, the parts had been restored; and it was expected that she would be discharged cured within the week.



DANGERS OF THE CHASE.

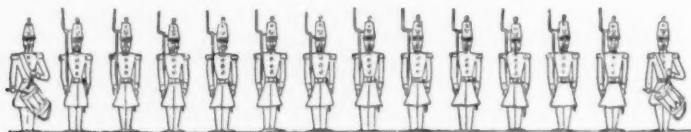
and ailments which require surgical treatment. I shall not repeat all the afflictions of which he told me, lest I should distress you; but he related

Another case in the male ward was that of a young doll gentleman who had been on a hunting party where all the horses were rockers; he had

been thrown under one of the steeds, which had passed over him, breaking the left leg and the right arm. These were in splinters at the time

cident, related to me by the head surgeon. I give it in his own words.

"It is," said he, "a well known fact that there are



DISCHARGED—CURED.

of which I write. I was pleased to hear the surgeon say that he would do as much to hasten the recovery of the poorest and most ungrateful of his patients as he would to restore this chivalrous hunter; thereby showing the purity of his professional character.



INGENUOUS DEVICE FOR RESTRAINING DOLL ANARCHISTS.

I was amazed at the supply of artificial legs, arms, eyes, noses, and ears which I saw in the office of the Hospital. When these have been adjusted to the maimed patients, and they have reached a state of convalescence, they are sent to the Dolls' Retreat, to remain till all scars of the surgeon's work are removed by time. But for the testimony of the surgeon himself, I could never have believed what losses had been sustained by those I saw discharged as cured.

The value of this institution and its efficient corps of workers may be illustrated by the following in-

different orders of beings among the doll people. Such are occasionally seen to appear, especially at the Christmas season—winged creatures, who alight upon the Christmas-tree, and are messengers of joy to all present. This very holiday season, one of these little beings, which had been going about gladdening all hearts for several days without a moment of rest, fell asleep from sheer weariness while resting upon the tip-top of a tree filled with all manner of good things. By carelessness on the part of some one, it was jostled over and fell to the polished floor, breaking off both its beautiful golden wings by the fall. Now, had it been instantly brought here, what I am about to tell you would never have happened. An inexperienced person was called, he put the wings in position, and the patient was required to lie on its face till adhesion took place. Alas! when the parts had knit and



SERIOUS CASE OF A YOUNG DOLL ACROBAT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO WHO WAS COMPLETELY CURED AND HAS SINCE ATTAINED GREAT EMINENCE IN HIS PROFESSION.



the bandages were removed, it was found that one of the wonderful wings was upside down!

The various attendants were deeply grieved when I told them of our having absolutely nothing



in America corresponding to their merciful institutions; and the proprietor exclaimed, "What a pity!" when I related the woes I had there witnessed with no means of alleviation. I begged him to issue a circular of his establishment in the English language, and I promised that it should

be given to many young and influential friends in England and America.

He kindly complied, and I now present his statement to you just as he wrote it, without attempting to alter the somewhat German idiom, hoping it may prove a real comfort to all doll mothers.

TO THE HIGH-WELL-BORN DOLL MOTHERS OF AMERICA.

WE would to your worthy Highnesses the throughout Germany much-famed Invalid Dolls' Hospital make known. This much by Royalty and Respectables patronized Institution has since before many years already for healing and curing of all injuries, accidents, as well as disorders of Dolls, founded been; and has the thanks of many weeping Doll mothers received, on account of the many cherished Dolls from destruction hereby saved.

This so-called Dolls' Invalid Hospital has best experience to the cure of all cases from Falls, Drowning, Fires, Knives, Mice, etc., and for supply of all parts, as Legs, Arms, Noses, Heads, etc., equal newness as at first.

Further, we can the fallen-off hair supply: the fresh Complexion put on; to the unspeaking Dolls voices give, and the crooked eyes straighten. Ordinations we have for the making of Doll gruel, and many medicinal preparations for the Weak and Feeble to strengthen. Also patent Doll Invalid Beds and Wagons for all sizes.

Doll mothers dare their precious Charges to our care, with sureness of Best Treatment at Reasonable Prices, entrust.

PROFESSOR GARHOFFER, HOF PUPPENINVALIDENANTSTALTE WUNDARET.

Patronized by the High and Mighty Little Princesses of Saxony.

PATRONESSES:

Princess Tuchen, of Tinklewasser.  
Princess Lisa, of Steckenpferd.  
Princess Gretchen, of Mantelkoppe.

Princess Lisbette, of Rollbetten.  
Countess Dora Doodelsack.  
Baroness Von Trumphen.

A RAINY MAY DAY IN CENTRAL PARK.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

"Oh, Mattie!" exclaimed Jenny, running to the window as she sprang out of bed, "*It rains!*"

"*Rains?*" echoed Mattie. "Oh, Jenny, it can't rain on May Day!"

"But it does," said the pitiless little observer at the window.

Both children dressed as quickly as they could, with stopping every few minutes to look out at the sidewalk and the sky. Before many minutes they hurried into the breakfast-room to consult Papa; but in their eagerness they had come down long before Papa was ready for breakfast.

"Let's look in the paper," said Tom, who had rushed down from the third story in quite as much of a hurry as his sisters. "Here it is; let's see what 'Old Prob.' says: 'For New England and Middle States, slightly cooler with local rains.' Horrid old thing! Everybody says he's always wrong."

"But we're not New England and Middle States," said Mattie. "We're the State of New York."

"Goosie!" said Tom with a superior smile. "Don't you know that New York is one of the Middle States? But see here, girls! here's something more; out West it's going to be awfully clear to-day."

"Where's 'out West'?" inquired Mattie.

"Well," said Tom, with a comical glance at Jenny; "you know we live on the east side of the Park, and where we're going for the May party is on the west side. I wonder if that is n't far enough 'out West' for it to be clear!"

Just at this moment Mr. Wilson came downstairs and there was a general rush.

"Oh, Papa, did you ever hear of such a thing as its raining on May Day?"

Well, yes, Papa thought he had. But he did not think it need make much difference; they could go to the Park to-morrow.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Jenny, reproachfully. "Why, to-morrow will be nothing but a day in May: it won't be May Day."

"And, besides," added Tom, "we can't go to-morrow; our permit is for to-day."

Then Papa remembered that he had really had to apply for a permit for the children, because so many May parties want to go to the Park, that there would be hopeless confusion unless each had a separate place allotted it. The Wilson children had applied for a permit very early, and had been fortunate enough to have one given them for the

very, very day. Some children had to wait until one of the Saturdays at the very end of the month, because there were so many parties.

And how it was raining! Mamma did her best to comfort them; she said she would put on her



"FALLING TEMPERATURE."

water-proof and take her umbrella, and run around to their little cousins' house, and send Susie and Robert and Hattie, who were to have been of the party, to spend the day in the house with them; and they could have a nice dance in the parlor, and there should be some ice-cream.

Well, it might be all very nice, but of course it could n't compare with a party in the Park. It was a very doleful little group that stood at the window, watching Mamma as she turned the corner. Even the baby, who was quite too young to go to the Park, and who had n't the faintest idea what a May party was, or why they were all so miserable, rubbed his little fists into his eyes for sympathy, and murmured sorrowfully, "Wain! wain!" when anybody looked at him.

"It is n't raining very hard," said Susie and Robert and Hattie, when they came in a few minutes later. "Papa says perhaps it will clear off."

"Anyhow, we'd better get our things on, so as to be ready," said Jenny; and for a while they were really quite happy while they dressed Mattie, who was to be the Queen, in her white dress, and put on her little white veil and the wreath of paper roses. And then in the midst of it came a ring at the door, and a box addressed to "Miss Mattie Wilson!" And inside of it was a perfectly lovely wreath of real pink roses that Mamma had sent home to make the dance in the parlor a little more festive. But their faces fell once more when they stole to the window again in all their finery and saw the big drops still falling.

"That's what the newspaper means by 'falling temperature,' I suppose," said Mattie.

"But there's luncheon to see to," said practical Jenny. "I will go and get the basket ready, and perhaps by that time it will be clear."

True enough, when she came back, Susie, who had been watching all the time at the window, announced:

"It is n't raining."

She did not say it with a great deal of enthusiasm; for she was conscious that although it did not actually rain at the moment, the sidewalk was very wet and the sky very gloomy, and the wind rather cold.

But, dear me, if it had only stopped raining, that was enough! Perhaps the sun would be shining "out West," where they were going. They could put on their water-proofs and rubbers. Of course Mattie could n't wear a water-proof; nobody ever heard of a queen in a water-proof; but they could take an umbrella to hold over Mattie in case it should rain again; and without a thought that Mamma could possibly object, now that it did not actually rain at the moment, they were soon trooping down the steps and walking rapidly "out West," where perhaps the sun would be shining.

From my window, overlooking the Park, I saw them going through one of the big gates: oh, so many Matties and Hatties and Susies and Jennies and Roberts and Toms, on that rainy day in May! And I wondered what in the world their mammas could be thinking of, to let them run in the damp



DAMPENED PATRIOTISM.

grass and under the dripping trees, with only their thin little wreaths of paper roses on their heads, and thin little veils of gauzy stuff over their white dresses. You see, I did not know about their mammas' having gone for the ice-cream that was to keep them happy in the house.

It was not very encouraging, as they went farther into the Park, and began to see other parties rather disconsolate in the cold, damp air. A small girl was blowing her fingers to keep them warm, and a boy was vainly trying to throw to the breeze a very damp American flag that had been caught in the last shower. And very soon—alas! alas! the big drops began to fall again.

"Is it a 'local shower,' do you think, Tom?" asked Mattie timidly.

the cake as hurriedly as possible, and then organized their dance. Mattie was to stand still and hold the umbrella over her crown of roses, while the rest of them joined hands and danced about her.

"But nobody can see I am the Queen," said Mattie, "if I have an umbrella over me."

This was a dilemma, indeed. Then, fortunately, Susie remembered the wreath of paper roses.

"Mattie can wear the real roses," she suggested;



"MATTIE WAS TO HOLD THE UMBRELLA OVER HER CROWN OF ROSES, WHILE THE REST JOINED HANDS AND DANCED."

"We ought to have brought two umbrellas," said Tom anxiously,—“one for Mattie and one for the lunch-basket.”

They stopped to consult. It would never do to let the Queen's flowers be rained on; but then it would also never do to have the cake soaked through.

"We might eat the cake," suggested Mattie. "And then you would n't have to carry it."

This was considered a brilliant idea. They ate

"and we can put the paper roses on the outside of the umbrella. Then everybody will know where the Queen is."

They had just arranged it successfully, when who should come up—anxious, out of breath, and almost weeping—but Mamma and Aunt Sarah! They had known just where to find the children, for they knew the place for which they had the permit; and in another minute the little band was hurrying home, where they were made

to change all their clothes immediately, and then to dance and run and play games to keep themselves warm, and to drink hot lemonade to prevent their taking cold, until they declared that their rainy May Day had actually been the pleasantest of all.

And strange to say, not one of them did take cold. I have often noticed—have n't you?—that we are not nearly so likely to take cold when we are having a good time, as when we are having a "horrid" time.



## CHILD-SKETCHES FROM GEORGE ELIOT.

("MIDDLEMARCH.")

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.

IN a certain famous story of English country-life, entitled "Middlemarch," Mr. Caleb Garth is represented as a Warwickshire land-agent and the father of Mary Garth, one of the heroines of the story. Mr. Garth had an office in the town of Middlemarch, but the house in which he and his family lived "was a little way outside the town—a homely place with an orchard in front of it." It was a "rambling, old-fashioned, half-timbered building, which before the town had spread had been a farm-house, but was now surrounded with the private gardens of the townsmen. The Garth family, which was rather a large one, . . . were very fond of their old house, . . . even to the attic, which smelled deliciously of apples and quinces."

Mrs. Garth "had sometimes taken pupils, in a peripatetic fashion, making them follow her about in the kitchen with their book or slate. She thought it good for them to see that she could make an excellent lather while she corrected their blunders 'without looking';—that a woman with her sleeves tucked up above her elbows might know all about the Subjunctive Mood or the Torrid Zone;—that, in short, she might possess 'education' and other good things ending in 'tion' and worthy to be pronounced emphatically, without being a useless doll.

"Mrs. Garth, at certain hours, was always in the kitchen, and this morning she was carrying on

several occupations at once there, making her pies at the well-scoured deal table, on one side of that airy room, observing Sally's movements at the oven and dough-tub through an open door, and giving lessons to her youngest boy and girl, who were standing opposite to her at the table, with their books and slates before them. A tub and a clothes-horse at the other end of the kitchen indicated an intermittent wash of small things also going on. Mrs. Garth, with her sleeves turned above her elbows, deftly handling her pastry, applying her rolling-pin, and giving ornamental pinches while she expounded with grammatical fervor what were the right views about the concord of verbs and pronouns with 'nouns of multitude, or signifying many,' was a sight agreeably amusing.

"Now let us go through that once more," said Mrs. Garth, pinching an apple-puff, which seemed to distract Ben, an energetic young male with a heavy brow, from due attention to the lesson. "*Not without regard to the import of the word as conveying unity or plurality of idea*—tell me again what that means, Ben."

"Oh—it means—you must think—you mean," said Ben rather peevishly. "I hate grammar! What's the use of it?"

"To teach you to speak and write correctly, so that you can be understood," said Mrs. Garth,

with severe precision. 'Should you like to speak as old Job does?'

"Yes," said Ben stoutly; 'it's funnier. He says *Yo goo*;—that's just as good as *You go*.'

"But he says, *A ship's in the garden*, instead of a *sheep*," said Letty, with an air of superiority. 'You might think he meant a ship off the sea.'

"No, you might n't, if you were n't silly," said Ben. 'How could a ship off the sea come there?'

"These things belong only to pronunciation, which is the least part of grammar," said Mrs. Garth.—'That apple-pie is to be eaten by the pigs, Ben; if you eat it, I must give them your piece of pastry.—Job has only to speak about very plain things. How do you think you would write or speak about anything more difficult, if you knew no more of grammar than he does? You would use wrong words, and put words in the wrong places, and instead of making people understand you, they would turn away from you as a tiresome person. What would you do then?'

"I should n't care, I should leave off," said Ben, with a sense that this was an agreeable issue where grammar was concerned.

"I see you are getting tired and stupid, Ben," said Mrs. Garth. . . . Having finished her pies she moved toward the clothes-horse, and said to the lad, 'Come here and tell me the story I told you on Wednesday, about Cincinnatus.'

"I know! he was a farmer," said Ben.

"Now, Ben, he was a Roman—let me tell," said Letty, using her elbow contentiously.

"You silly thing, he was a Roman farmer, and he was plowing."

"Yes, but before that—that did n't come first—people wanted him—" said Letty.

"Well, but you must say what sort of a man he was first," insisted Ben. 'He was a wise man, like my father, and that made the people want his advice. And he was a brave man, and could fight. And so could my father, could n't he, Mother?'

"Now, Ben, let me tell the story straight on, as Mother told it to us," said Letty, frowning. 'Please, Mother, tell Ben not to speak.'

"Letty, I am ashamed of you," said her mother, wringing out the caps from the tub. 'When your brother began, you ought to have waited to see if he could not tell the story. How rude you look, pushing and frowning, as if you wanted to conquer with your elbows! Cincinnatus, I am sure, would have been sorry to see his daughter behave so.'

"Now, Ben."

"Well—oh—well—why, there was a great deal of fighting, and they were all blockheads, and—I can't tell it just as you told it—but they wanted a man to be captain, and king, and everything—"

"Dictator, now," said Letty, with injured looks, and not without a wish to make her mother repent.

"Very well, dictator!" said Ben, contemptuously. 'But that is n't a good word; he did n't tell them to write on slates.'

"Come, come, Ben; you are not so ignorant as that," said Mrs. Garth, carefully serious, 'Hark, there is a knock at the door! Run, Letty, and open it.'

The visitor proved to be Fred Vincy, a young man whom both mother and children knew well. He had come to see Mr. Garth, and came into the kitchen to wait for his return; Mrs. Garth saying, after she had greeted him:

"Do you mind staying with me while I finish my matters here?'

"But we need n't go on about Cincinnatus, need we?" said Ben, who had taken Fred's whip out of his hand and was trying its efficiency on the cat.

"No; go out now. But put that whip down. How very mean of you to whip poor old Tortoise! Pray, take the whip from him, Fred.'

"Come, old boy, give it me," said Fred, putting out his hand.

"Will you let me ride on your horse to-day?" said Ben, rendering up the whip with an air of not being obliged to do it.

"Not to-day—another time," said Fred." And the children ran off to play.

Ben and Letty had a grown sister named Mary, to whom they were very much devoted, not only because she was very kind to them, but also because she "played at forfeits and made fun" and was always ready to contribute to their amusement.

"Oh, don't sew, Mary!" said Ben, one morning, pulling her arm down, as Mary took up her work which she had 'kept on her lap during breakfast.' 'Make me a peacock with this bread-crumbs.' He had been kneading a small mass for the purpose.

"No, no, Mischief!" said Mary, good-humoredly, while she pricked his hand lightly with her needle. 'Try and mold it yourself; you have seen me do it often enough. I must get this sewing done. It is for Rosamond Vincy; she is to be married next week, and she can't be married without this handkerchief,' Mary ended merrily, amused with the last notion.

"Why can't she, Mary?" said Letty, seriously interested in this mystery, and pushing her head so close to her sister that Mary now turned the threatening needle towards Letty's nose.

"Because this is one of a dozen, and without it there would only be eleven," said Mary, with a



grave air of explanation, so that Letty sank back with a sense of knowledge."

Soon after this, Mary went to stay a while at Lowich Parsonage, not far off; and during her absence, Christy, her eldest brother, came home for a short holiday. Fred Vincy, coming over again to see the Garths, "found the entire family group, dogs and cats included, under the great apple-tree in the orchard. It was a festival with Mrs. Garth, for Christy was her peculiar pride and joy. . . . He was lying on the ground now, by his mother's chair, with his straw hat laid flat over his eyes, while Jim, on the other side, was reading aloud from that beloved writer who has made a chief part in the happiness of many young lives. The volume was 'Ivanhoe,' and Jim was in the great archery scene at the tournament, but suffered much interruption from Ben, who had fetched his own old bow and arrows, and was making himself dreadfully disagreeable, Letty thought, by begging all present to observe his random shots, which no one wished to do except Brownie, the active-minded, but probably shallow mongrel, while the grizzled Newfoundland, lying in the sun, looked on with the dull-eyed neutrality of extreme old age. Letty herself, showing as to her mouth and pinafore some slight signs that she had been assisting at the gathering of the cherries, which stood in a coral heap on the tea-table, was now seated on the grass, listening open-eyed to the reading.

"But the center of interest was changed for all by the arrival of Fred Vincy. When, seating himself on the garden-stool, he said he was on his way to Lowich Parsonage, Ben, who had thrown down his bow and snatched up a reluctant half-grown kitten instead, strode across Fred's outstretched legs and said, 'Take me!'

"Oh, and me, too!" said Letty.

"You can't keep up with Fred and me," said Ben.

"Yes, I can. Mother, please say I'm to go," urged Letty, whose life was much checkered by resistance to her depreciation as a girl.

"I shall stay with Christy," observed Jim; as much as to say that he had the advantage of those

simpletons; whereupon Letty put her hand to her head and looked with jealous indecision from one to the other.

"Let us all go and see Mary," said Christy, opening his arms.

"No, my dear child, we must not go in a swarm to the Parsonage," said Mrs. Garth. "Besides, your father will come home. We must let Fred go alone. He can tell Mary that you are here, and she will come back to-morrow."

She turned away to talk with Fred, but before his interview was half ended, "there was a rush of unintended consequences under the apple-tree where the tea-things stood. Ben, bouncing across the grass with Brownie at his heels, and seeing the kitten dragging the knitting by a lengthening line of wool, shouted and clapped his hands; Brownie barked, the kitten, desperate, jumped on the tea-table and upset the milk, then jumped down again and swept half the cherries with it; and Ben, snatching up the half-knitted sock-top, fitted it over the kitten's head as a new source of madness; while Letty, arriving, cried out to her mother against this cruelty. It was a history as full of sensation as 'This is the house that Jack built.'"

So, in and out through this long and wonderful story these young folk go; loving each other dearly, but engaging in fierce though friendly argument over trifles, as brothers and sisters will do, all the world over.

And the last glimpse we have of them is quite at the end of the story, where they are found deep in an argument over the relative value of boys and girls. Then Ben, so says the story, "immediately appealed to his mother whether boys were not better than girls. Mrs. Garth pronounced that both were alike naughty, but that boys were undoubtedly stronger, could run faster, and throw with more precision to a greater distance. With this oracular sentence Ben was well satisfied, not minding the naughtiness; but Letty took it ill, her feeling of superiority being stronger than her muscles."

Do not we all know Ben and Letty — only perhaps under other names?

## SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

BY GENERAL ADAM BADEAU.

THE first thing for a boy or a girl to remember in considering war is—that soldiers must eat. It is generally supposed that the most important duty of a soldier is to fight; but this is a mistake. He must eat before he can fight; and more battles have been lost because commanders could not feed their armies, than because they could not fight the enemy. This fact should be especially borne in mind by those who wish to understand the March to the Sea.

In 1864, when Grant took command of the armies of the United States, there were two great forces of the South to be beaten and destroyed if the Union was to be saved. One was the army under General Robert E. Lee, between Washington and Richmond; the other that in Northern Georgia, before Chattanooga, commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston. Grant remained in person at the East, and undertook to defeat Lee's army there; while he gave to General William T. Sherman the task of subduing Johnston's forces. Chattanooga is in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains, on the borders of Tennessee and Georgia. It stands at the junction of the great railroad which runs east and west between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, and that other equally important one running north and south between the Ohio and the Gulf of Mexico. By these two railroads the Southern Confederacy, during the early part of the war, had sent supplies to its armies. But when Grant won Chattanooga in 1863, one line was broken; and the Southerners fell back for communication to other railroads which met at Atlanta, connecting that place with Mobile, Savannah, New Orleans, and Richmond.

The control of the railroads is the object of every great campaign in modern war. Whoever holds the railroads can move troops and ammunition and food to the important point more quickly than the enemy. And everything depends upon being stronger than your enemy at the important point. One man is nearly as good as another man, at least on the average. Ten thousand men of one nation are nearly sure to be worth ten thousand of another; and certainly in the great American war, where all of the men were of the same nation, there was little difference in the fighting quality of the opposing forces. One side had more dash, the other more endurance; one perhaps went into battle more furiously, the other I should say held out more stubbornly;

but in the end the men on one side were about as good for fighting purposes as those on the other. Whoever had most men, therefore, was most likely to win. But they must be equipped and fed. To have more men than you can feed, is worse than not having enough.

When Grant won Chattanooga, he secured the great highway across the continent from Mississippi to the sea, as well as the gateway into Georgia. Then he ordered Sherman to advance southward to the next great crossing of railroads, at Atlanta. It took Sherman four months to carry out this order. He had to move through a mountainous region, by narrow defiles, across numerous streams, against an army of his own countrymen, as good soldiers as ever fought, and led by a general who had no superior in skill or courage on either side during the war, who knew how to fight and to fortify, to put every obstacle in the way of his antagonist, to hold him off as long as possible, and—quite as important as anything else—to fall back when he could hold out no longer. Johnston opposed Sherman in this way. But Sherman had more men and equal skill and courage. His military genius taught him, as a rule, not to attack the enemy in his strong defenses, but to move around him, to flank him as it is called,—to threaten his rear and his communications, to place the National army in such a position that it could interrupt Johnston's supplies of food, so that Johnston must either drive Sherman off by fighting, or lose his supplies, or fall back to another position. He could not, of course, afford to lose his supplies, for, as I have said, armies must first of all be fed; and he had not men enough to attack Sherman with much chance of success; so in each case, after awhile he had to fall back. But he delayed Sherman as long as he could, in the hope of wearing him out, or in the hope that some disaster might happen to the Union cause elsewhere, that would compel Grant to take Sherman away. But Grant held his own everywhere else, and Sherman did not get tired. So the succession of flank movements and retreats and occasional battles went on from May until July.

Then the Confederate President, with great unwisdom, removed the skillful and sagacious Johnston, because he fell back so constantly (when there was nothing else for him to do), and put General Hood, a headstrong sort of soldier, in his place. Hood at once attacked Sherman, and two

or three heavy battles occurred, in which many lives were lost and Hood was invariably beaten. As he had fewer men than Sherman, he was less able to bear the loss, and was comparatively weaker at the end of every fight than at the beginning. Finally, he was driven into Atlanta, and then Sherman made another flank movement, almost surrounding the town, and threatening to block every railroad leading into it. This compelled Hood to abandon the place precipitately, in order to save his only communica-

road which he had wrested from the Confederates. Hood, therefore, flung his army around on this road at various points between Atlanta and Chattanooga, that is, between Sherman and his base; and Sherman soon discovered that he was in great danger. The enemy was highly elated, and declared that the Union army must either starve or retreat over the line it had won. Sherman, however, did not give up Atlanta; but he had to move a great part of his army back in order to drive off Hood and re-open the road. But Hood



SHERMAN'S ARMY LEAVING ATLANTA.

tions. Thereupon Sherman entered Atlanta, and the first part of his task was accomplished.

Soon, however, Hood thought he would try Sherman's game. The Union commander was now three hundred miles from Nashville, the point where his food was stored. Now, it is impossible to carry many days' provisions for sixty thousand men along with them; armies must therefore have a "base," that is, a point where their food is stored; and they must keep open the road to this base. Sherman was now in an enemy's country; he could get nothing from the people except by force, and all his supplies came along the one

could keep up his attacks on the railroad indefinitely; he had his own country behind him, and the supplies of the South to draw from. Sherman, therefore, for all his victories, had won little more than the ground he stood on.

Grant's plan had been that Sherman, after entering Atlanta, should march on to Mobile, holding the line that he had gained. This would have cut the Confederacy in two. But Sherman found the achievement impossible; and after chasing Hood about in the rear for a month or two, and accomplishing nothing but to hold his own, he conceived another idea,—one of

the grandest and boldest that ever occurred to a man in war. This was nothing else than to give up Atlanta and the railroad to Chattanooga, to abandon all supplies from the North, and to dash into the enemy's country, depending upon the country itself for supplies, and then make a way to either the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico. He proposed to take his sixty thousand men into the interior of the Confederacy, where he could have no communication with any other Union army, no help from Grant or the Government, no news from them for at least a month; to risk meeting whatever force the Southerners might collect to obstruct him, and to depend upon what he could find to feed his army,—men and horses. No such enterprise had ever been attempted in modern war.

Sherman proposed this scheme to Grant, who saw the necessity of some change of plan at the West, but at first did not think favorably of Sherman's suggestion. Grant thought that Hood's army would be set free to go North and attack Kentucky and, possibly, Ohio. Sherman believed that Hood would follow him into the interior, where he thought he could take care of the impetuous Southerner. The Government, that is, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton,—the President and the Secretary of War,—were strongly opposed to Sherman's plan; but they

The first thing that Sherman did was to destroy the railroad in his rear, from Atlanta northward; lest what had been of so much importance to him should now become of use to the enemy. Then he burned everything valuable in Atlanta,—the machine-shops, foundries and storehouses which had supplied guns and clothing for the Confederacy. The population of the town he had previously expelled. For war is full of horrors, and peaceable citizens, women and children, in an invaded country, suffer almost as much as those engaged in battle. In the civil war of America, however, there were few peaceable male citizens. The war was a people's war, and almost every white man at the South was engaged either actually as a soldier, or in some occupation that contributed to support the army.

Generally speaking, there were no non-combatants visible except the blacks and the women and children. A stray old man or an invalid was sometimes found, but I have been weeks in a Union army marching through the South and never seen a man who did not bear arms. There never was a war in the world in which the population was more apparently unanimous than the Southerners were, in our great Civil War.

Sherman started from Atlanta on the 15th of



ON THE WAY TO THE SEA.

left it to Grant to decide. Grant finally determined to collect another army under Thomas in Tennessee, which could withstand Hood if he should turn northward, and then the General-in-Chief consented that Sherman should attempt his venturesome campaign.

November. He took 65 cannon, 2,500 wagons, food—rations, the soldiers call it—for twenty days, some beef cattle that were driven with the army, and 240 rounds of ammunition for every man; there was forage enough to supply the horses five days. With this stock in hand, the



A BIVOUAC AMONG THE PINES.



DESTROYING A RAILROAD.

Northern force in the rear, and three hundred from the nearest friend in front.

On the 16th of November, Sherman himself rode out of Atlanta, his army having preceded him. When he reached a hill just without the town, he stood on one of his old battle-grounds and paused to look back at the smoldering ruins he had made. The smoke hung over the unfortunate city like a pall, but in front the men were marching to the tune of "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave." They took up the hymn as they bore their glistening muskets in the sun, and with swinging pace moved lightly forward, thinking little then of the thousand miles that lay between them and Richmond.

army moved. It was uncertain what enemy the Northern soldiers might meet in front, or what might follow them; it was uncertain what supplies they would be able to collect,—and if there should be much fighting to do, there would be little time to collect supplies; it was uncertain what point they might be able to reach—Savannah or Mobile, the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico. It was uncertain how long they might be on the way, or when they could communicate again with their comrades. They were one hundred and fifty miles from any

The army was divided into two columns, with the cavalry kept distinct, so as to move about quickly in every direction, and hide the Union operations, while detecting what the enemy might be doing,—in fact, to serve as a curtain for Sherman's movements, that could be withdrawn whenever he chose. The first march was to be to Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, and one hundred miles southeast of Atlanta. This point Sherman hoped to reach in seven days.

The two columns moved by different roads,



twenty or thirty miles apart, so as to give the appearance of intending to strike points on each side of those they were really aiming at. The troops started at the earliest dawn and marched till noon. Then there was a halt for the day, always, of course, near a stream; water was brought and the cooking began, and the pine-trees were cut, not only for fire, but for shelter and beds, for there were no tents taken with the army; everybody went into bivouac.

The pines grew far apart and without branches till near the top, and as the soldiers moved through the groves of fragrant evergreen, hewing the trunks, collecting the branches, and lighting the fires, they made a picture which those who saw it never forgot. At night the great fires blazed high for miles, and threw a red light over the landscape long after the blue-coated soldiers had sunk to slumber on their couches of leaves.

The fences along the road were destroyed for fire-wood, and all the rails of the railroads were taken up. Huge piles of the iron were laid

tion of the railroads was one of the principal objects of the campaign. All bridges were burned as soon as crossed, and the country was left as impassable as possible for an enemy.

The column moved at the rate of ten or fifteen miles a day. As early as three o'clock the bugles summoned the sleeping soldiers, and long before sunrise the army breakfast was over. The animals were fed, the wagons packed, the knapsacks strapped to the shoulders of the men, and the troops again fell into line. The column took the main road, with flankers on either hand to guard against surprise.

The orders were for the troops to forage liberally off the country. The region was rich and had never before been visited by an enemy. Meal, bacon, sweet potatoes, poultry, cows and oxen were abundant, as well as horses and mules. Parties were sent out afoot before daylight from every brigade, on each side of the line of march, to ransack every farm and plantation within range.



SHERMAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT A STOPPING-PLACE ON THE MARCH.\*

across the fires till the metal was softened, and then the soldiers took it to the neighboring trees, and twisted it, red and hissing, around the juicy saplings, so that it might not be used to repair the road after the army had passed; for the destruc-

Usually they procured a wagon or perhaps a family carriage, and loaded it with provisions,—meal, bacon, turkeys, chickens, ducks, hogs,—whatever could be useful for food or forage, and then returned to the roadside and waited till

\* General Sherman's headquarters were four hospital "flies" stretched over poles and backed with brush.

their commands came up. The spectacle of these halting squads was very amusing as the column passed. The men were all mounted on horses, mules, or even cattle, sometimes with saddles but oftener without; the animals were packed with hams, live fowl, bags of grain or flour, and even articles of furniture or clothing; for war is often only organized robbery. The parties were surrounded by crowds of negroes, who everywhere left their masters to follow the Union army; men, women, and children, all knew they were emancipated. They swarmed around the column, clinging to the horses, kissing the hands and feet of the officers, frantic with joy at the arrival of those whom they looked upon as their deliverers.

As Grant had predicted, Hood at once turned northward when Sherman started South, so that no enemy followed the army. This, however, was not known to Sherman, and every precaution was taken against pursuit or surprise. In front the Southerners were full of alarm. No one of their great armies was within reach, but at various points detachments of troops had been stationed, and every effort was made to get these together to obstruct the Union advance. But nothing could be done against a force so large as Sherman's, and except at one point the army met no opposition whatever on its way to Milledgeville. Once a Southern force was found apparently willing to dispute the advance, but it was swept away with a fight that was hardly a skirmish. Sherman reached Milledgeville, as he had expected, in seven days. The Governor and other officers of the State had fled, but the inhabitants remained. Sherman burned the arsenal and the public buildings that might prove useful to an enemy, and the next day the second stage of the march began.

The same general plan was followed as before, the army moving in two columns, each apparently heading a different way, in order to confuse the enemy, who knew not which point to guard. The cavalry was now directed to move in advance to a place called Millen, where many thousand Union captives had been confined, and to attempt a rescue. By this time, ten thousand Southern cavalry had been got together in Sherman's front, but even these were insufficient to meet such a force as he commanded; and the two wings moved on, tearing up the railroads and feeding on the fatness of the land. They swept like a scythe across the State of Georgia, making a swath sixty miles broad, and leaving desolation and poverty where they had found peace and abundance.

At one point the population themselves set fire to stacks of fodder standing in the fields, preferring to burn it rather than furnish it to the invaders. But Sherman at once made known

that any attempt to destroy food or fodder on the part of the citizens would insure a complete devastation of the country. Then the destruction by the Southerners ceased. It was better to lose something than all, better to be stripped bare than to be stripped and have their houses burned besides; for the population was absolutely at the mercy of the invader; they must submit to whatever he chose to impose.

The Southern cavalry, however, held back Sherman's horse long enough to remove the Union prisoners from Millen, and one object of the campaign was unaccomplished. The captives still languished in other prisons, and the advance of their friends only served to disappoint them and thus to aggravate their sufferings.

Meanwhile, the Southern authorities were vainly appealing to one another for help; and when these appeals were found to be in vain, they abandoned posts, and transferred garrisons, and destroyed machinery, while Sherman moved steadily on. He had no desire to fight a battle, for his command must then have been encumbered with wounded men and his march delayed. It was all-important to him to reach the sea as a base of supplies, for this living off the country could not last. Every day he exhausted a great region. Sixty thousand men are a population of themselves, and when they arrive at a point unexpectedly, it takes more than a market to feed them. What Sherman aimed at was to destroy the railroads that connected the Southern armies, and to annihilate the resources of the region. So, when he reached Millen, which lies southeast of Atlanta, he swung his army around as if on a pivot, and headed due south for Savannah, where Grant had promised to have supplies to meet him.

Grant, indeed, all this while, as General-in-Chief, was caring for Sherman in a double way. He was sending great store-ships to both Savannah and Mobile, with millions of rations and cartridges, and thousands of shoes and uniforms, so that wherever Sherman's command appeared it should find supplies of food and clothes and powder and ball. He was collecting an army to meet Hood, to prevent him from following Sherman, and he was keeping every other Southern force engaged so that none should be free to intercept the great march. This was a time of great anxiety with Grant. I was with him and know how earnestly he studied the maps, how he examined prisoners and scouts and Southern newspapers, for these were the only sources through which he got news of the lost army. The people of the North and the Government were more anxious still; especially the mothers and wives and children of the men who were with Sherman. But Grant was

calm and confident. He always said that Sherman would come out right; that he was strong enough or skillful enough to overcome or evade every danger or difficulty. He praised Sherman to everybody he met, and infused his own faith in him into the nation.

After leaving Millen, Sherman entered a differ-

Still no enemy opposed them. A faint reverberation on the left or rear perhaps told that the cavalry was skirmishing, and once or twice a Confederate division appeared in front and then fell back, as if to show the way to Savannah; but this was all that looked like war. The flankers right and left found no enemy lurking in forest or swamp; and



"CONTRABANDS" CHEERING SHERMAN'S ARMY.

ent region. The lofty pine forests had disappeared and the country was now sandy and barren; corn and grass were scarce, but the rice fields furnished other food as well as forage. The weather of the Southern winter was fine, the roads were good, and the men marched easily their fifteen miles a day.

the soldiers said they were only making a great military picnic or promenade.

Once the column turned out of the highway, where torpedoes had been discovered planted in the road, to explode when trodden on. Sherman immediately ordered a squad of Confederate pris-

oners to be armed with picks and spades, and made to march along the road, and either explode their own torpedoes or discover and dig them up. They begged hard, but he was inexorable, and they stepped gingerly on, and removed ten of the concealed torpedoes.

In the swamp region it was often necessary to

the rice fields had been flooded, and the only approaches to the city were by five narrow causeways, each commanded by the enemy. The place was well fortified; it had a good garrison and an able commander, General Hardee, and it might hold out for weeks. But it was necessary for Sherman to communicate at once with the



"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA"—CROSSING A RIVER ON A PONTOON-BRIDGE.

build what the soldiers called "corduroy" roads because they resembled the ribs in corduroy cloth. The rail fences were pulled apart, the trees cut down, the branches stripped off, and the wood was laid closely, stick by stick, and side by side, till a solid footing was obtained across the marsh, or over the quicksands that abound in this treacherous soil. At one or two points, as they neared Savannah, the bridges had been burned, and the advance was delayed till new ones could be built or the pontoons brought up.

On the 10th of December the army came up with the defenses of Savannah. The city lies on the west bank of the Savannah River, about twenty miles from the sea. The Ogeechee River is twelve or fifteen miles west of the Savannah, and empties into Ossabaw Sound on the Atlantic. The country between was one great swamp, for

Union fleet at Ossabaw Sound. The Ogeechee River, as I have said, empties into the sound, and Sherman had struck that river, but between him and the sound there was a Confederate fort called McAllister. This must be carried before Sherman could reach the sea. He at once gave orders to surround Savannah on the land side, and directed General Hazen to take McAllister by storm. The work was strong, but its capture was indispensable to the safety of the army and the success of the campaign. Until the route which it commanded was uncovered, Sherman was still cut off from his supplies and from every other Union force.

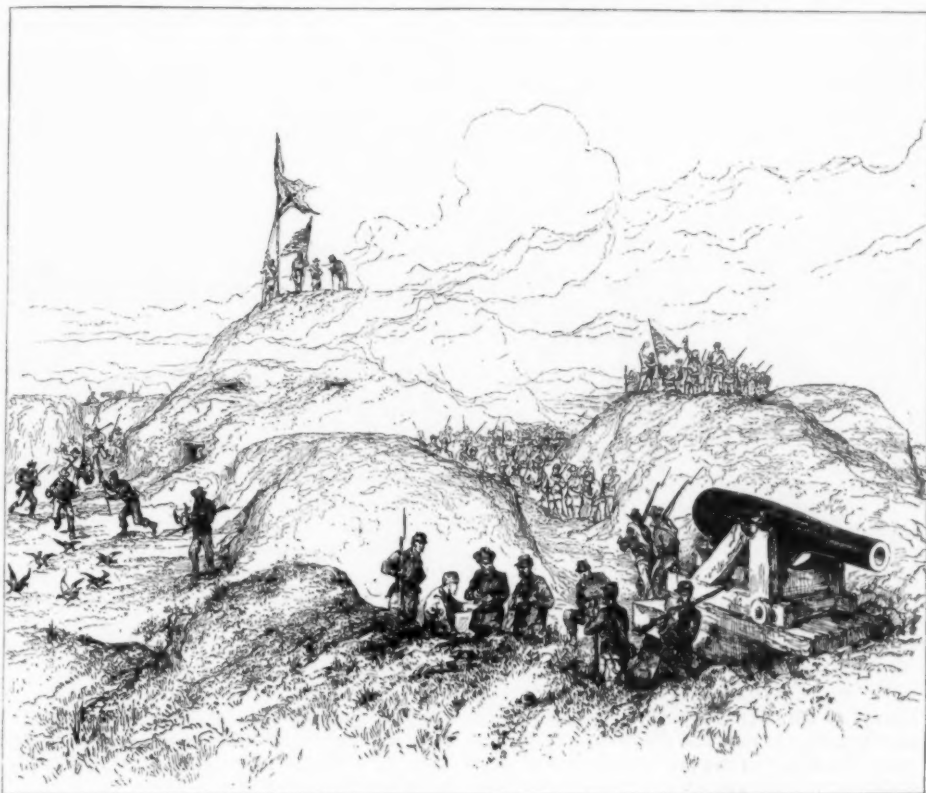
He went himself to a rice mill, where a signal station had been established. A platform had been built on the roof of the mill, and from this spot he could see Fort McAllister, with the Southern flag flying, between his army and the sea.

While he was watching for Hazen's assault the sun was getting low, and Sherman became very impatient. He is not a patient man at the best, and now his eagerness became intense. At this moment one of the party perceived a faint cloud of smoke in the distance, and an object gliding apparently over the tops of the high grass down by the sea. Little by little it came nearer and nearer, and at last the watchers made out a steamer with the United States flag flying,—the first they had seen, except those they carried themselves, since they left Atlanta. The steamer was in reality beyond the fort, but by the turns in the river it was closer to Sherman than to Hazen. They could distinguish a group of officers on deck,

advance in three lines, above, below, and in rear of the fort. The three parties reached the work at the same moment. There was a crash, a cloud of smoke, an explosion of torpedoes; then a hand to hand fight; and in less than half an hour McAllister was carried by storm.

The night was clear; there was a moon; and Sherman determined to go to the fleet at once. He found a small boat and was pulled down stream. About six miles below McAllister he saw a light, and was hailed by a vessel at anchor: it was the advance ship of the squadron. Sherman went aboard. The March to the Sea was over.

That night Sherman met General Foster, the Union officer in command at Port Royal, a station



SHERMAN'S TROOPS GETTING INTO FORT MCALLISTER.\*

who signaled that Hazen was about to attack and that the Union fleet was below.

The assault went on under Sherman's eyes. He could see Hazen place his troops and then

on the coast a few miles north of Savannah, which had been for three years held by Northern forces.

Foster told that abundant supplies were waiting; and as Sherman was the superior, he gave Foster

\* During the storming of Fort McAllister, part of General Hazen's command began to forage for chickens while the others were completing the capture of the fort.

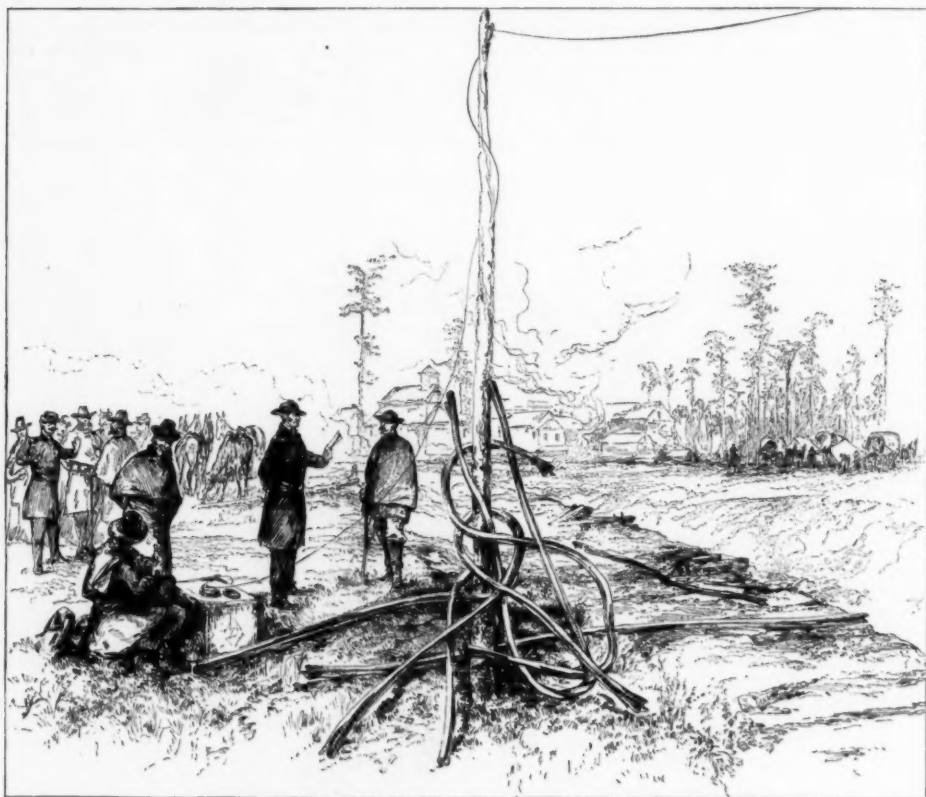


orders; for always in war the superior officer is entitled to command any troops or generals of his own side that he comes in contact with, whether they belong to his army or not. It was arranged that supplies should be brought from Port Royal on steamers, of which Foster had an abundance.

On the 16th of December Sherman summoned

hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition; also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton." This message reached the President on Christmas Eve, and was published in the Northern newspapers on Christmas Day. Savannah was a big present to put into the nation's stocking.

Meanwhile a great battle had been fought be-



GENERAL SHERMAN SENDING HIS LAST TELEGRAM BEFORE CUTTING THE WIRES AND ABANDONING ALL COMMUNICATION WITH THE NORTH.

Hardee to surrender Savannah, but the Confederate commander refused. There was still one road out of the city, on the northern side, that was left unclosed; and Sherman went up to Port Royal to order Foster to close that road. While he was absent, on the night of the 21st, Hardee evacuated the city by the still open road, and when Sherman returned, on the 22d of December, he found his own troops in possession of Savannah. He telegraphed to the President: "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one

tween Thomas and Hood at Nashville, in which the Confederates were utterly routed; so that at both ends of the line there was victory for the Union.

It was thirty-one days after starting from Atlanta before Sherman re-opened communication with the North. In that time he had destroyed two hundred miles of railroad, and broken up every connection between the Confederate forces east and west of Georgia. He had done more than a hundred million dollars' worth of damage, consumed the corn and fodder, as well as the cattle, hogs,

sheep, and poultry of a region three hundred miles long and sixty broad, carried away ten thousand horses and mules, and liberated countless numbers of slaves. Sixty thousand men and thirty-five thousand animals had been abundantly fed, and when the troops reached the coast they needed no provisions but bread. They started with five thousand head of cattle and arrived with ten thousand. The teams were in splendid condition, and not a wagon was lost on the road. The army had captured so many horses that Sherman ordered them to be shot, because it demoralized the troops to ride.

In all the March Sherman had only once been forced to form line of battle. He lost 103 men killed, 408 wounded, and 278 missing. He had captured 1338 prisoners.

The army had never once been impeded, nor its commander compelled to change his plan. He had moved through the innermost part of the South, where war had never before penetrated, and brought home its horrors to a population up to

that time as secure as if in New York. He had shown the Southerners that no part of their territory was safe against invasion; that they had no force left to guard their homes, or hold their slaves; and he carried his army to a point from which it could be moved so as to co-operate with Grant in the final events of the war.

The success of the campaign was equal to its daring, and although its dangers proved less in reality than in anticipation, the skill of the commander and the courage of the men are none the less to be admired. The romantic character of the march is unsurpassed. That an army should disappear from sight for a month, marching unharmed through hostile regions, its whereabouts unknown to its friends, and emerge at last as if out of a wilderness, with undiminished numbers and increased renown, is a circumstance that equals in interest any in history; and so long as American boys and girls read the account of the nation's achievements, they will find no chapter more fascinating than that which tells of Sherman's March to the Sea.

## ST. NICHOLAS DOG STORIES.

### XXXIV.—SOME POLITE DOGS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

It was a lovely day in autumn. Little Lotty, the curly terrier, was asleep at my feet in the warm patch of September sunshine that lay on the floor. I had been sitting still a long time, so busy with my work that I had thought of nothing else. Looking up at last at the crimson hollyhock that stood, tall and splendid, outside the window, I caught a glimpse of the blue sea beyond, and the clear, warm sky, and realized how beautiful the afternoon had grown.

"Come, Lotty, wake up!" I cried to the little dog, "let's go for a walk."

Lotty jumped up, wide awake in an instant, and barking like mad with delighted expectation, as all her kind are wont to do at such a prospect. I gathered my sketching paraphernalia together and calling the little maid to help me, I set out down the grassy slope to the sea's margin, which sparkled and flashed, edged with the flood-tide's lazy surf, hardly more than a stone's throw from the door. Lotty, in an ecstasy, frisked, barking wildly, before and behind me, like a small hurricane of joy. Down the field, through the bars,

into the cart-path for a few steps—wild rose bushes bright with scarlet haws on either side—across the coarse sea-grass and rough pebbles at the top of the beach, out at last upon the beautiful level stretch of gray sand, smooth and hard as a floor, half a mile long, and curved like the crescent of the new moon. We traversed about one fourth of its distance, then I arranged my umbrella and my easel, and sat down ready for a good time. Lotty came to anchor likewise, and sitting bolt upright on the sand, eyed me curiously from under her comical, frowzy locks.

"Well, my dear," I said, "what do you think of it?"

With a shake of the head and a wag of the tail, she crept close to my feet and lay down as if she meant to make the best of it, at any rate. I proceeded to begin my sketch. But the place was so enchanting, on every side so beautiful, I found it hard to do any more than to look and love everything I saw, for a long time. The sea was the most delicious turquoise blue, and where it ran up over the shallows, the color melted into transparent emerald, the long, slow billows lifted themselves lazily and rolled in with soft rush and whisper, almost too lazy to roll at all. Where the foam sparkled at the edge of the sand, kelp and

weeds were scattered in broken lines of rich brown, dull purple, crimson, and olive green. Far away a few sails were dreaming; a group of snowy gulls rose and fell on the long swell of the ocean close at hand. On the left, tall marsh-grass came down to the top of the beach in streaks of yellow, red-brown, and ripe green, with patches of crimson samphire beginning to glow in the rockier places; all about me were the wild rose bushes with their scarlet berries. I turned away from the water and looked up to the house I had left; its red roofs and dull yellow-green walls steeped in the sunshine—rich and deep in color—the vines and flowers about it, and the huge old elm in front of it, the broad fields and mellowing woods seemed so peaceful and happy that I spoke aloud, "How heavenly it is!"

Lotty perked up her head and looked at me. Laughing at her funny expression, I turned to my sketch and began working in earnest. The crickets shimmered pleasantly, the sweet sad cry of myriad goldfinches among the drying sunflower stalks and weeds sounded incessantly; a crow cawed now and then, a gull high aloft in the blue uttered a harsh cry which the distance softened; a little beach-bird flew piping along the sand. Lotty pricked up her ears.

"No, no, my dear!" I cried. "You are not to run after any little bird whatever. Stay here and behave yourself like a good dog," for she had jumped up and was already starting away to chase the feathered creature. With a very aggrieved and reproachful expression she returned and sat down a few feet from me. But I only continued to laugh at her, and went on with my painting, presently becoming so engrossed in it that I forgot she was there.

Some time passed. Suddenly a small paw was thrust into my paint-box, and there was poor Lotty standing on her hind feet looking at me, as much as to say:

"Oh, dear, I'm bored to death. Why don't we take a walk? Why have you planted yourself here, where you are doing nothing at all? Why don't we go home if we can't go to walk? Oh dear, oh dear!"

And she actually began to cry.

"Well, go home! you little goose," I cried, greatly amused. "I don't want you to stay!"

She left me, went a little way toward the house, then turned back and looked at me, whining and coaxing. Suddenly she came running and cuddled down again affectionately, as if she thought, "Well, I'm sorry you're such an idiot, but I won't desert you, though you do behave in this extremely foolish and unreasonable manner."

So she lay patiently watching me from under her

tangled shock of hair till I began to put up my brushes, and made ready to depart.

The sun was nearing the western horizon in a golden glory as I shouldered my easel and took my way toward home, Lotty dancing with delight. I could not call the little maid to help me back, so I arranged the things as well as I could. I had not a regular sketching outfit, and my long easel, though light, was rather difficult to carry. But I put my head through the V end, resting the two legs on my shoulders. I had also to carry a small chair, a large umbrella, my sketching-block, a tin pail in which I had brought fresh water, and over my left arm I hung a leather bag containing paint-boxes, brushes, etc. This was quite heavy, and the whole load was as much as one person could take, but I had not far to go, so trudged slowly along till I turned from the beach into the green field that sloped from the house to the sea; Lotty all the while capering and barking, rejoicing that I had regained my senses at last. Her noise was presently heard by the other dogs, which joined in the chorus afar off, and I saw appear at the upper edge of the field the two great St. Bernards, Champernowne, and Nita, looming large against the sky. They stopped, gazing at us from the distance, as if taking in the situation; then in a moment they began to rush down toward us with long, loping canter, and knowing their affectionate impetuosity I said to myself.

"Now I am lost! they will come full tilt against me and all these traps, and I shall be a total wreck."

Amused, and more than half dreading the onset, I stood still and waited, admiring the magnificent, tawny, lion-colored creatures as they swept toward me, their beautiful eyes beaming with intelligence, and all their motions full of grace.

Suddenly the great dog Champernowne, as he reached me, stopped perfectly still without touching me, and before I knew what he was going to do, stood upright on his hind feet, as tall as myself, quietly slipped his under jaw through the handles of the bag which swung on my arm, and with the grace and courtesy of a grand duke, nothing less, gently and firmly drew it off, and turning, proceeded decorously up the path that led to the house, bearing it with the utmost care.

Astonished and delighted, I cried, "Bravo, Champ! Good dog! fine fellow! You saw I needed help, and you gave it like a gentleman, did n't you? But who would have thought you had so much sense!" Then Nita, hearing all these praises lavished on her comrade, wished to have her share also; and joining Champ she too seized hold of the bag, and both together trotted

side by side all the way to the house, where they arrived some time before I reached it, and where I found them faithfully keeping guard over my property on the threshold.

"Well, you are certainly the very handsomest, best, and dearest dogs in the whole world!" I cried as I opened the door and allowed them to crowd into the pleasant room, Lotty and two or three of the smaller dogs accompanying them with much frisking and barking. But Champ and Nita, appreciating to the utmost the importance of the occasion and the magnitude of the favor extended to them, took their seats on the hearth before the open fireplace with the greatest dignity. This was the summit of delight to them, to be allowed to sit in the house before the fire and enjoy the society of their human friends—a favor not too often accorded them. A handful of driftwood had been kindled on the hearth to take off the chill of the evening fast closing in. Presently they spread their big bulks out on the rug before it in blissful satisfaction, while I patted their heads and stroked their long fur, and told them how I admired them, how proud I was of them, till their eyes shone with delight and they fairly laughed for joy!

#### XXV.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

RATTLETY-BANG! rattlety-bang — down the street clattered a tin can tied to the tail of a poor, friendless, and frightened dog! A crowd of boys followed at the runaway's heels, with cries and shouts, increasing alike his terror and his speed, until, at last, he had distanced his pursuers, but not, alas! that horrible, noisy thing that clattered and rattled at his heels.

Thoroughly tired, and quite as thoroughly ter-

VOL. XIV.—37.

rified, the poor dog looked to right and left as he ran, for help or shelter. At length he spied, at the corner of a cross-street not far away, a large, friendly-looking, Newfoundland dog. With piteous cries and an imploring look, the exhausted dog dragged himself and his noisy appendage to the Newfoundland, and looked to him for help.

Nor was his appeal unheeded, for the Newfoundland seemed to appreciate the position and at once showed himself to be a generous dog. A patient gnawing at the string finally released the



A FRIEND IN NEED.

can; and then, lifting it in air, the Newfoundland flung it from him with a triumphant toss of the head, while the other dog joyously bounded up from his crouching position—thankful to be rid of the troublesome burden which his human tormentors had inflicted upon him.

## XXVI.—TWINKLE.

*(A true story.)*

BY LOUIS SAJAT.

TWINKLE had a pleasant home and a kind mistress, but he was, nevertheless, a very unhappy little silver-haired doggie.

He lived in constant terror of Monday, for that was Twinkle's wash-day. Every Monday, he was put into a tub and washed and soaped and scoured and rubbed, and then wrapped, snarling and shivering, in a blanket to dry.

Twinkle had done everything that a dog could do to escape this terror. He had run away, only to be brought back again and scrubbed harder than ever. He had bitten his mistress, only to be cuffed and soused clear under the water; and once when they were getting his bath ready, he fled down cellar and crawled into the soot box of the furnace. It proved a good hiding-place, and it was a long time before they found him; but it was the terrible scrubbing that followed his discovery that Twinkle always dreamed about thereafter when his digestion was out of order.

One day a stray kitten came to the house. She was very thin and untidy-looking, not a pretty kitten at all; but Twinkle's mistress took her to the kitchen and gave her some milk. The kitten drank it greedily, and then curled herself into a little round ball under the stove. Twinkle sat and watched her while she slept; he had known from the first moment he had seen her just what he ought to do; the thing to be considered was how to do it,—for Twinkle meant to wash that small cat!

All the rest of the day Twinkle tried to be very kind and gentle; when the kitten tried to put up her weak little back and spit at him, Twinkle would only wag his tail good-naturedly; and his mistress praised him, calling him her own kind little doggie. But all the while Twinkle was thinking just what he should do to-morrow.

Early the next morning, he went into the garden. Kitty was there, curled up in a sunny spot, asleep. There was something else in the garden—a tub of water, out of which the chickens drank. Twinkle seized the poor little cat by the back of her neck, ran to the tub, and dashed her up and down in the water. Poor Kitty choked and struggled, but Twinkle soused her up and down until he thought she had been washed enough; then he put her down on the walk. Poor, poor pussy! she tried to put her wet little paws, one after the other, to her face, to clear away the strangling water; then she crawled away very feebly. Twin-

kle looked at the wet trail she made on the walk, and felt that he had done his duty. Then he ran away perfectly happy.

The next morning, he washed her again, and the next after that, too; while his mistress wondered why, with the best of food and care, that kitten remained so thin and weak.

One morning Madge, coming to sweep the steps, saw something that made her turn suddenly and run back into the house; and when Twinkle, having bathed his charge, laid her as usual on the walk, quite a row of people stood at the top of the steps looking at him. He tried to run away, but his mistress caught him, and, breaking off a switch from the lilac bush, she then and there, in spite of his struggling and crying, switched him soundly.

Twinkle was disgusted. He ran away after his whipping, and staid out all night. When he returned, he found that the tub had been taken away and that the cat was kept in the house; so for two days she did not get washed. On the third morning, however, Twinkle found her. He caught her up in an instant. There was no water anywhere in the yard, so he was obliged to drag her through a hole in the fence, and into the garden next door. There he found a pail; the water was not very clean, to be sure; it had bread-crusts and potato-parings in it, but it was the best that Twinkle could find, so into it went poor pussy.

She did not struggle much. To Twinkle's great surprise, she did not move when he put her down; she only gasped once or twice and then lay very, very still. Twinkle sat down and looked at her. Could it be possible that she was dead? He had not wanted her to die; he only wanted to wash her; but she would not move. And the neighbor, whose pail he had used, came out and handed the little dead kitty over the fence to Twinkle's mistress.

They cried about it at home; Twinkle heard them, and he saw great tears in his mistress's eyes, and she would not speak to him—would not even look at him. It was too much for one little dog to understand. Madge washed him on Monday, and why should he not wash the kitten?

About a week after this, Twinkle's mistress went out to make some calls.

Twinkle went, too; he liked to run about the gardens and pry into things while she visited. At the first place where they stopped, Twinkle dashed around the house in great haste, and almost ran over a big black cat. The cat was asleep by the side of a tub of water. As quick as a flash, Twinkle had that cat by the back of her neck. Then there was one swift flash of steel-like claws, one most astonishing yowl, and Twinkle's face was torn and bleeding, his eyes scratched severely, and his long



silvery hair pulled out in patches. And the worst of it was that his mistress said—"It served him right."

# XXVII.—DANDIE.

BY M. E. BRADLEY.

FOND of old Dan, sir? Indeed I am!  
I reckon I *ought to be*—proud of him, too!  
Brave as a lion, sir, mild as a lamb,  
And the *wisest* fellow you ever knew!  
Just wait till I tell you what he did,  
Though it 's not to my credit, as you 'll see;  
For it came from my doing a thing forbid  
That Dandie showed what a dog can be.

We were in the potato-patch one day,  
Dandie and Hal and I and Fred,  
And to save my life I could n't say  
Just how the mischief got into my head.  
Father had said we were n't to do it,—  
But roast potatoes are *very* good!  
And Hal had matches. Before we knew it  
We had a bonfire lit in the wood.

Fathers know best, on the whole, I guess;  
At all events, I can safely say  
'T would have kept us out of a jolly mess  
If we had believed he did, that day.  
For, not to spin out too long a story,  
That youngster you see there—Fred 's his  
name—

Contrived to cover himself with glory  
By getting his petticoats all aflame.

We never thought of his skirts, you see,  
For he 's just as much of a boy as the rest;  
And, to tell the truth, between you and me,  
It 's a silly old way for a boy to be dressed.  
Why can't he have trousers right from the first?  
For, of all the "despicable" things to wear,  
Those niminy-piminy frocks are the worst.  
I know how it is, for I 've been there.

However, the poor little chap, as I said,  
Was all of a blaze,—and how he did yell!  
Hal began to pitch things at his head,  
And I stood as if I was under a spell;  
For both of us lost our wits completely,  
And only for dear old Dan,—well, there,—  
If you want to know, I 'll own up to it sweetly—  
I am a-crying, and I don't care!

You 'd know how it was yourself, I think,  
If you 'd been in my place, and seen old Dan;  
He went for that boy, sir, quick as a wink,  
Grabbed his frock in his teeth, and ran

Straight to the brook with him, bumpety-bump!  
And there the two took a douse together.  
By the time we followed him, on the jump,  
I tell you what, it was squally weather!

Fire was put out, though? Well, I should smile  
(I reckon I shouted then for joy);  
Though, as for Fred, you might walk a mile  
And not come up with a madder boy.  
Mad as a hornet—and dripping wet!  
Such a little scarecrow you never saw!  
But here 's the dog, sir, we shan't forget—  
Shall we, old fellow? Give us your paw!

# XXVIII.—A DOG THAT HELD A GRUDGE.

BY E. P. ROE.

AN artist owned a little Scotch terrier that was endowed both with brains and with an uncertain temper. Usually it was playful and affectionate, but, like some people we know, it had bad moods. The artist made a great pet of Scotchy, as he called the dog, and taught it several tricks. He taught it to stand between its master's legs and leap over his clasped hands and then leap back again; to sit back on its haunches and shake hands; and to spring into the artist's lap, put its paws on each cheek and kiss him like an affectionate child.

When the artist went to the country in summer he took Scotchy with him, and the dog usually was his companion on sketching expeditions. As is generally the case with evil tendencies that are not overcome, the bad, snappy moods became more frequent, and the artist began to debate in his mind whether he ought to keep the dog, fearing lest in one of these irritable moments it might bite his little boy. One day, when out sketching, this question was settled. The dog lay beside him as he worked, and pausing a moment, he reached out his hand to give it a caress. The terrier's response was a snarl and a snap. Believing now that a well-deserved lesson was needed, the artist cut a switch, and, seizing the dog by the collar, gave it a sound whipping. The moment his grasp was relaxed, the enraged little beast turned upon him, and taking hold of the leg of his trousers, shook with all its might.

"Go home, you bad dog!" cried the master, giving it a cut with his whip. Yielding, Scotchy started off in the most leisurely, independent manner imaginable, venting his spleen by ill-tempered barking right and left. In manner the dog virtually said, "I 'll go, but I 'll take my own time, and you can't help it." A surly man could not have shown more temper than Scotchy, going slowly homeward, barking and growling all the way.

An apparent reconciliation took place when the artist returned, but he had decided that he would not take the dog back to the city. Soon after, he gave it to a friend in the village where he was sojourning. This slight was never forgiven, and it would seem that Scotchy brooded over it continually. A year later the artist went to call on the friend who had received the dog. The ladies of the household were on the piazza, and so was the terrier. As soon as it saw its old master coming up the walk, it seemed almost wild with rage. Every hair on its back stood upright, and its eyes became green with anger. Snarling and growling, it showed its teeth and looked as if determined to use them.

"Scotch, come here!" said the artist sternly.

As if compelled against its will by the old voice of authority, the dog slowly obeyed, growling at every step.

"Position!" said the artist, in his severest tone, and Scotch growled his way between his former master's legs. "Now, jump!" Fairly trembling and yelping with rage, the dog sprung over the artist's clasped hands as it had been taught long before. "Jump back!" Snarling its bitter protest, back it sprung. "Sit up!" Scotch rose on his haunches, meanwhile gnashing his teeth. "Shake hands!" Out came the paw and a most portentous growl at the same instant.

"Oh!" cried the ladies, "do drive the dog away; he will surely bite you. Here, Scotch, come here, come away!"

"Sit still!" said the artist.

"Ur-r-r-r," responded Scotch, yet seeming unable to disobey.

The artist now sat down and commanded, "Come and kiss me!"

"No, no!" cried the ladies; "he will bite your nose off."

So probably Scotch would have done had the artist relaxed his stern, quiet demeanor, or shown the least fear. He only repeated the command more severely, keeping his eyes fixed on those of the dog. As if compelled by some mysterious, irresistible power, Scotch sprung into the artist's lap with a terrific snarl, and with all his white teeth exposed.

"Kiss me!" thundered the artist. Scotch could not resist. The spell of the stronger will kept the mastery, and the dog did as it had been wont to do in earlier days. "Now go lie down and keep still!"

Scotch drew the line at keeping still. That he would not do, but growled and snarled at his old master throughout his entire call. The same scenes were enacted whenever the artist came to the house; and though Scotch, in spite of all protest, was compelled to yield obedience, he never abated one jot of his deep-seated grudge.

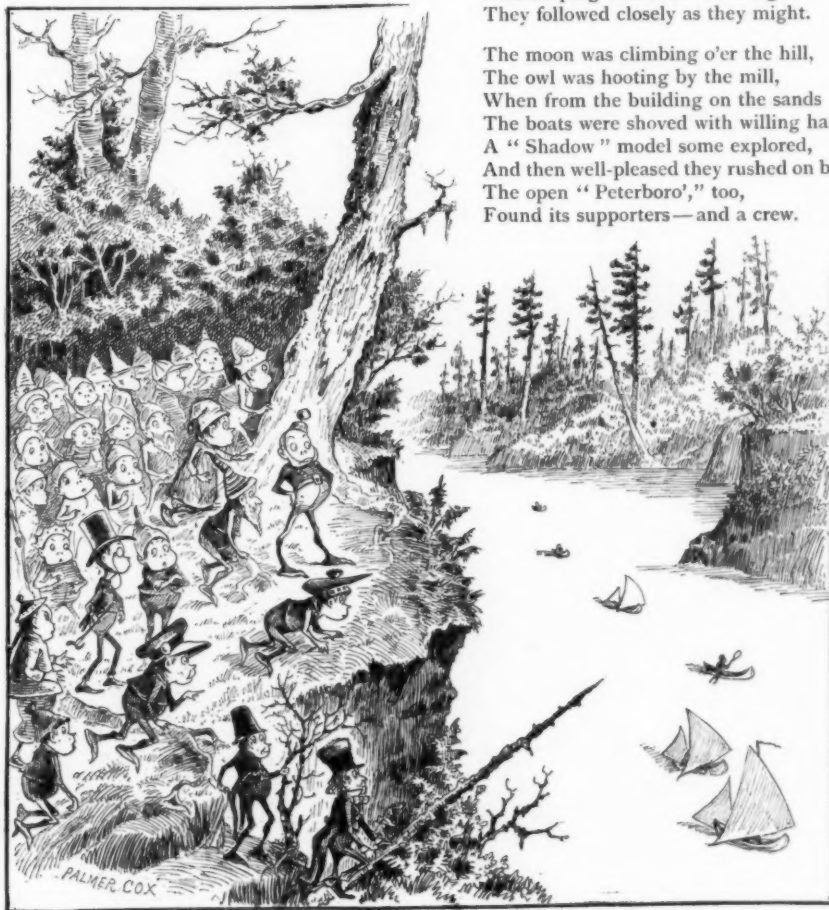


"MY BARK IS ON THE SEA."

## THE BROWNIES CANOEING.

BY PALMER COX.

AS DAY in shades of evening sank,  
The Brownies reached a river bank;  
And there awhile stood gazing down  
At students from a neighboring town,



We 'll take possession after dark,  
And in these strange affairs embark."  
They all declared, at any cost,  
A chance like this should ne'er be lost;  
And keeping well the men in sight  
They followed closely as they might.

The moon was climbing o'er the hill,  
The owl was hooting by the mill,  
When from the building on the sands  
The boats were shoved with willing hands.  
A "Shadow" model some explored,  
And then well-pleased they rushed on board;  
The open "Peterboro'," too,  
Found its supporters—and a crew.

Whose light canoes charmed every eye,  
As one by one they floated by.  
Said one, "We 'll follow as they go,  
Until they gain the point below.  
There stands a house, but lately made,  
Wherein the club's effects are laid;

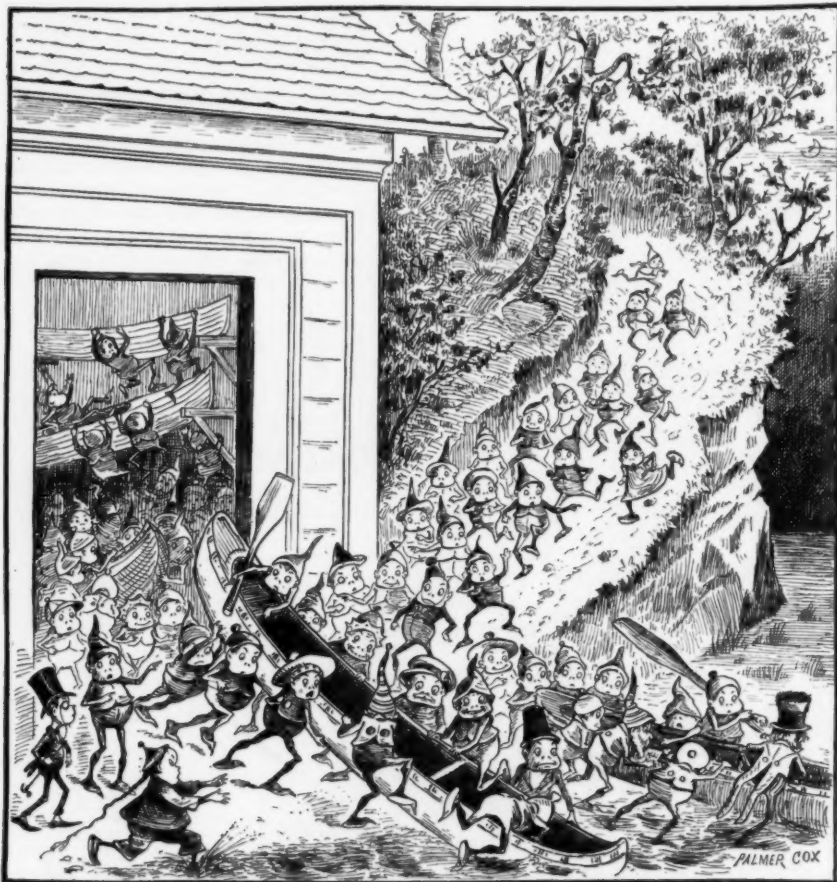
The Indian "Birch-bark" seemed too frail  
And lacked the adjunct of a sail,  
Yet of a load it did not fail,—  
For all the boats were in demand;  
As well those which with skill were planned  
By men of keenest judgment ripe,

As those of humbler, home-made type.  
And soon away sailed all the fleet  
With every Brownie in his seat.

The start was promising and grand,  
But little skill was in demand.  
They steered along as suited best,  
And let the current do the rest.

So every river, great and small,  
Must have its rapids and its fall;  
And those who on its surface glide  
O'er rough as well as smooth must ride.

The stream whereon had started out  
The Brownie band in gleeful rout  
Was wild enough to please a trout.



All nature seemed to be aware  
That something strange was stirring there.  
The owl to-whooed, the raven croaked;  
The mink and rat with caution poked  
Their heads above the wave, aghast;  
While frogs a look of wonder cast  
And held their breath till all had passed.  
As every stream will show a bend,  
If one explores from end to end,

At times it tumbled on its way  
O'er shelving rocks and boulders gray.  
At times it formed from side to side  
A brood of whirlpools deep and wide,  
That with each other seemed to vie  
As fated objects drifted nigh.  
Ere long each watchful Brownie there,  
Of all these facts grew well aware;  
Some losing faith, as people will,

In their companions' care or skill,  
Would seize the paddle for a time,  
Until a disapproving chime  
Of voices made them rest their hand,  
And let still others take command.

But still, in spite of whirl or go,  
In spite of hungry tribes below,—  
The eel, the craw-fish, leech, and pout,  
That watched them from the starting out,  
And thought each moment fitting by  
Might spill them out a year's supply,—

As pallid cheek and popping eye  
On every side could testify;  
So all agreed that wisdom lay  
In steering home without delay.



The Brownies drifted onward still;  
And though confusion baffled skill,  
Canoes throughout the trying race  
Kept right side up in every case.  
But sport that traveled hand in hand  
With horrors hardly pleased the band,

But morning light came on apace  
Before they reached the starting-place;  
So landing quick, the boats they tied  
To roots or trees as chance supplied,  
And plunging in the woods profound,  
They soon were lost to sight and sound.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE dear Little School-ma'am was ill. It was early in March, and there was snow on the ground. The postman brought a little box, and, behold, there was spring in it, for it was filled with arbutus—from Virginia. After many days the snow melted and the warm air came in the window when the nurse opened it to air the room. And one morning, in came a bunch of arbutus—bought in market.

"The old colored woman who sold it gathered it in the Jersey woods this morning," said the pretty girl who brought it.

The very next week the scholars sent in a bowl full of the same flower—gathered in their own woods; and the School-ma'am said that she had never been so rich in arbutus. But, behold, in May, when the apples were in blossom and the violets were budding in the fresh green grass, there came a letter from northern New-York, and it said: "I send you a box of arbutus so that you may have a taste of spring in your room, you dear prisoner."

The dear Little School-ma'am laughed when she opened this box.

"Truly," she said, "never have I had so long a spring as this one!"

## A QUEER BILL.

A GENTLEMAN traveling in England, not long ago, hired a saddle-horse for a ride in the neighborhood of the town where he was staying. When he returned and asked the stable-keeper for his bill, it was given him in this shape:

Anolauada	98
Aforthos	10
Anagitinomengin	48

78

He paid the seven shillings, and then spent his leisure moments for several days in trying to get a

translation. Finally another stableman saw it, and read the riddle at once, thus:

An 'oss a 'alf a day	98
Ay for the 'oss	10
An 'a-gittin' 'im 'ome again	48

78

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, who sends me this account, says,— "It 's a fact, dear Jack, I assure you."

## TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

HERE 's a jingling bit of true philosophy for you, my dears, sent to my pulpit by your very sensible friend, Mrs. W. S. Reed:

What 's the use of fretting?  
 What 's the use of crying?  
 What 's the use of dreading?  
 What 's the use of sighing?  
 What 's to come will come—  
 Now, that there 's no denying;  
 And what is past is past—  
 To that there 's no replying.  
 To make the present beautiful  
 Is what we should be trying,  
 In kindly words and noble deeds  
 With one another vying.  
 So let 's have smiles instead of sighs,  
 And all our tears be drying.

## TIT-FOR-TAT.

THIS is what a boy of ten wrote after joining the Audubon Society:

There was a bird that lived in spring,  
 And he had a beauteous feathery wing,  
 And a beautiful voice to rejoice and sing;  
 He could fly up to the sky,  
 And see the moon with his little eye.

It happed one day that a cruel hunter came that way,  
 And he shot the bird with the feathery wing;  
 And he stood and laughed with scorn,  
 Because the Audubon Society was born.

Then down came a condor quick as light,  
 With his broad black wings as dark as night;  
 He took the cruel hunter in his beak  
 And flew to his nest in the rocky peak.

Then that awful condor, he  
 Made his breakfast and dinner and tea  
 Of the man who laughed with scorn  
 When the Audubon Society was born.

You know Audubon was the man who knew and wrote so much about birds, and loved them so well. It is very fitting that the Society for the Protection of Birds should take his name. If you want to know more about the society, and to get some of the pledges to sign, and, after you have signed, to receive the society's pretty certificates, you have only to send your address to the Audubon Society, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

It seems strange that any one needs to pledge

himself not to kill and torment the beautiful creatures that fill our woods and gardens with life and music. If it were snakes, now, or rats, or flies, one might be tempted to exterminate them. But birds—well, boys will call it sport to rob them of their homes, their young, and their joyous life. But after all, it is n't nesting or hunting that is killing off the birds. It is decking out the toilets of the boys' mammas and sisters that is costing the birds their existence, at the rate of millions yearly.

"Oh, you wicked, bad, cruel boy!" exclaimed a young lady sister one day last spring, when her brother Tom came in, a thrush's callow brood fluttering in his cap.

"I like that, Miss Feathertop," retorted the wicked, bad, cruel boy. "Look at your head,—fit for an Injun chief on the war-path. I'm going to raise these fellows, if you or Mother don't wring their necks to trim your bonnets."

Look out, girls, or the boys will be making verses in which *you* will figure as the cruel hunter whom an awful condor teaches the lesson of tit-for-tat.

#### THE FIRST WATCH.

MARLBORO', N. H.

DEAR JACK: While reading the "Well-spring," I saw an item which I thought would interest the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

The title was, "The First Watch." At first the watch was about the size of a dessert-plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket-clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummetts of lead." The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution.

The first great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had but one hand, and, being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four

or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than fifteen hundred dollars; and after one was ordered, it took a year to make it.

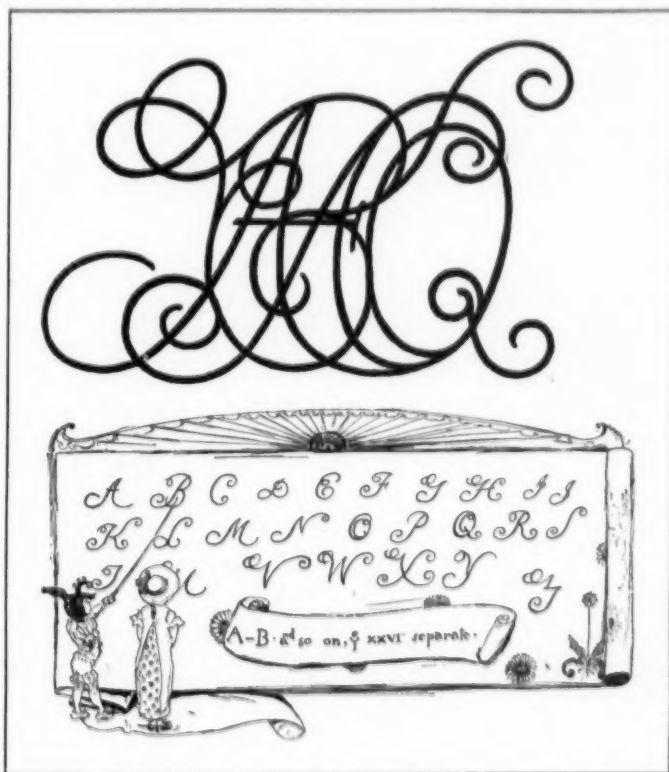
This is quite different from the present time, when watches are so plenty that even boys can have them.

CHARLIE H. PEASE.

#### A WONDERFUL MONOGRAM.

AN ingenious and artistic friend of yours, one Alfred Brennan, sends you this wonderful monogram, in which each one of you, my beloved thousands of hearers, can find all the initials of your own name. In other words, it contains every letter of the alphabet from A to Z.

In order to be perfectly fair, you see, Mr. Brennan shows you below the monogram a table



of the letters, which gives an outline of every one as it is to be found in his surprising group.

Young folk are becoming so knowing in these days, that the Deacon says it is barely possible that before many centuries the alphabet may be taught "at one clip," in some such way as this. Try it on your baby brothers and sisters. The poor little things must be tired of crying for nothing.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

## BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been going to write to you many times to thank you for all you have been to me. I am one of your older children, for my age is nearer thirty than twenty. In fact, when I was the latter age, I first made your acquaintance, and now eight volumes are on my shelves. I have read you carefully. I have recommended you far and wide, and have got you into some fifty houses or so.

When I first made your acquaintance, I was a layman in London, and went out frequently to tell your stories to Bands of Hope and Sunday-school festivals. Now I am ordained, I carry on the same work; and in the parish where I am curate, I have a children's meeting every week, which I call "The Children's Hour"; we play games, sing songs, have drill, and, last of all, I tell a story; and two-thirds of my stories I have to thank you for.

Your stories have done me an immense deal of good, for they have kept me in touch and sympathy with children, and I thank you heartily.

Now, I have to ask a favor: will you please put me in communication with the writer of "Ten Times One is Ten," or some one who has to do with "The King's Daughters' Society"?

With all good wishes for many happy years to ST. NICHOLAS and its editor, I remain, yours sincerely, E. P. GONNER.

As we already have written to the Reverend Mr. Gonner, Mrs. M. L. Dickinson, of 230 W. 59th street, New York, of the Central Society of "The King's Daughters," has kindly offered to reply to any queries regarding the organization.

## SHARON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read Mr. Frederick Wright's account of "Gas-wells." We have natural gas here; and, in fact, I am writing this letter before a natural-gas fire.

Papa is manager of the gas plant that is here. We are having much trouble with the gas here; every now and then there is a break on the pipe-line which is caused by frost. It is carried fifty miles from gas-wells near Franklin, Pa. The gas here has a strong smell of petroleum, and we can always tell when it is leaking. We have two iron-mills run by gas here. Sometimes the pressure rises to two hundred pounds and over.

Youngstown, a city west of us, in Ohio, received gas a few weeks after we did, and they lit it, and we saw the light distinctly, a distance of fourteen miles. I saw the gas lit, and it looked just the way it is in the picture. The noise made by it was deafening.

From your constant reader, OLIVER S.

## ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and have taken you four years, and like you very much. I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was one of the loveliest stories I have ever read, and I like "Jenny's Boarding-house," too. I think the "Brownies" are very funny, and I see that in their "Friendly Turn" they got a Chinaman to help them. I have a camera, and take pictures of all sorts of things, dolls, paper dolls, cats, and all of my playmates; I think it is great fun.

My sister has a copy of "The Battle of the Monkey and the Crabs," that was printed in Japan. I play paper dolls a great deal and have dolls of all shapes and sizes, and have whole families; I guess that I have about twenty in all.

Last summer some bees in our neighborhood swarmed and lit on a tree. A man went up the tree and the bees lit all over his coat-sleeves and hands, but he did not get a sting. It is very pleasant here in summer but cold in winter; in winter we coast and have lots of fun, although it is cold; but in summer we play out-of-doors almost all the time.

Your little friend, ELEANOR L.

## LIHUE, KAUAI, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few months ago, I saw in your pages a letter from a little girl who lived in Wailuku, Maui, who spoke only of vegetable clothing, so I thought perhaps you would like to hear a little about the country and the people. In winter it is very rainy, but the rest of the year it is quite dry. There is no snow anywhere, except on the three high mountains—Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, and Haleakala. It will seem funny to the little children who read the ST. NICHOLAS, when I tell them that on Christmas or New Year's

Day here, we run about in the warm sunshine, among the trees and flowers, while they (except those who live in the Southern States) are playing in the deep snow. There are twelve islands in the group, but only nine are inhabited. The country is full of beautiful little valleys and hills. This island (Kauai) is said to be the most beautiful of the group. It is sometimes called the Garden Island, because of its pure air and healthy climate.

Now I will tell you something about the natives. Their language is a very pretty one, for they have only twelve letters in their alphabet—five vowels and seven consonants. The natives have black hair, large eyes, and dark skin. All the people, men and women, are called by their Christian names. Nearly all of their names have some meaning, such as Ripe Blossoms, Dark Eyes, Evergreen, and The Hot Day. There is nothing very different in their dress from other people, except that the women never wear tight dresses. They wear a loose Mother Hubbard wrapper, which is known as the "Holohu." The men all wear a bright-colored handkerchief around their necks. All of them go barefooted.

I am ten years old, and my auntie (who lives in New York) has taken your paper for me for nearly a year. I think it is one of the nicest papers I have ever read. I think both "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita" are perfectly lovely. I am reading the latter to Mamma, and she likes it, too. I can hardly wait until I get your paper. I go barefooted most of the time. I ride horseback and enjoy riding on my pony with only a blanket and a rope. I am nearly as brown as a native. I have lived in the islands three years, though I was born in New York City. Hoping my letter is not too long, as it is the first I have ever written to you, I will say, *Aloha Nui* (Good-bye).

Your affectionate reader, GRACE M. A.

## DAYTON, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little sick boy. I have been invalid for almost a year, and am confined to my bed nearly all the time. My sister had to write this for me, as I am not able to write. The only thing I can do is to read. We have taken ST. NICHOLAS a long time. I can scarcely wait for it to come. My little baby brother thinks the "Brownies" is the nicest piece in the book, and we have to read it over and over again to him.

Your constant reader, CASPER N.

## PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little French boy, born and living in Paris, a famous grand city full of all sorts of beautiful things to see on holidays; and I have seen at the Invalides all the old-time arms and armor that you pictured in the October number.

I love all your stories, every one of them, and understand them well; but little Lord Fauntleroy is the grandest of all heroes.

I hope that Juan and Juanita will not fall again in the hands of the Comanches.

I hope they will find their poor mamma soon, and that she will know them right away, and love them again, even more than before, for all they have lost.

Your interested reader, LOUIS L.

## OAKLAND, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year, and have only written to you once, and I want to write to you again. I suppose most of your readers have not been to Utah, the land of the Mormons. Mamma and Papa and I were the only Gentiles there at one time. The little Mormon children are great curiosities. The Mormons did not know what a Christmas-tree was until the first Christmas we were there, when Mamma said, "Let us have a Christmas-tree," and they did not know what it was. But Mamma got three or four men to get a tree, and they went and cut down one, and a good many came to see it. I hope this is not an insult to the Mormons. Your affectionate reader, BIRDIE C.

P. S.—I am deeply interested in "Jenny's Boarding-house" and "Juan and Juanita." I am nine years old.

## CATLETTSBURG, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is storming so hard I can't go out. I am waiting for Mamma to get through her work so that she can read you to me. We live one mile out of town at a little place called Argo City.

I think "Juan and Juanita" is a splendid story, and the "Brownies" I like next, although "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was the best of all.

Your faithful reader, HARRY E. M.

## MONTPELLIER, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Nearly two years ago our grandmamma, in America, sent us your magazine for Mamma to teach us English, for our lessons have all been in French and German, although we are little Americans. I am nearly eleven years old, and my brother is nine. We do enjoy your book very much, and my brother wishes he was more like Lord Fauntleroy, he was so nice. We have just received the January number, and read "Prince Fairyfoot" all alone; so you see we have learned English, as Grandmamma wished. We are only eight miles from the sea, and we go there very often. We find beautiful shells.

We are going to America this summer; it will be our seventh trip. One day we hope to live there, for we like it better than France.

Your affectionate readers,

WACIL R.—  
HARVEY R.—

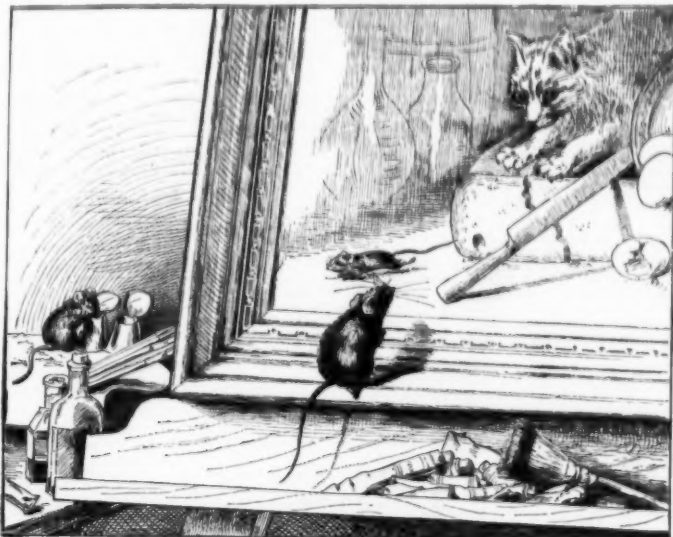
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very glad to hear of Little Lord Fauntleroy. I would like to have him for my brother. I have a little kitten, and it is so playful that it runs after our toes when we undress at night, and tries to bite them; we jump on the bed and chairs to get away from it. Its name is Selina. I am a little girl, five years old, and am just learning to read and count. I have three brothers and only one sister.

Your loving

MARY B. V.—

This interesting little picture is sent to you by your friend Mr. Culmer Barnes.

## A PRIVATE VIEW.



## BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are twins, and read you together. If you should print this, my! would n't we read it and laugh at Grace, who does n't believe you will, and is such a creature to laugh! Do you suppose you will?

We are—that is, our house is—higher than Trinity Church steeple, over in New York. Papa says so. We wonder what he means by saying some people are so tall that they go upstairs to put on their hats. We think a great deal, but some things are so hard to think about, all by yourself!

The postman brings our St. NICHOLAS in a wrapper. One day, Grace slipped one of the old numbers in an old wrapper, for fun. When we took it out with a great rush, as we always do, we could hardly believe our eyes. We knew every picture, every story by heart already. We thought it was a very sad mistake till we happened to look into Grace's eyes.

Now, you will put this in, won't you, so we all can laugh?

FLORENCE AND GERTRUDE.

M. H. L. Many thanks for the cleverly rhymed version of the February puzzle.

## FORT APACHE, ARIZONA TERRITORY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter to you. I have taken you since September, 1886. I liked little "Prince Fairyfoot" very much, and was sorry when it ended. I live for the present in Fort Apache, A. T., and I am ten years old. My papa is a cavalry officer in the U. S. A., and we change our place of residence as often as he is ordered to a new station. Last year, when General Miles ordered Colonel Wade, our post commander, to capture the Chiricahua Apache Indians, I climbed up on the top of the adjutant's office and watched the troops under the colonel advance to where the Indians were having a council, and saw them capture every Indian, disarming and placing them under guard as prisoners. There is no school that I can attend here, so my mamma and my sister have to be my teachers.

Apache is surrounded by rugged mountains, all covered with dark-green pine-trees that are very beautiful to look at. I am, with much love, your admiring reader,

PAUL WARD B.—

## NORFOLK, CORN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long been wishing to write to you. I am a boy twelve years of age. I have taken your delightful magazine for six years, and hope to take it several years longer. My favorite author is Mr. Stockton, although I like James Otis and Frances Burnett. I think the "Brownies" are very funny, and I was much interested in "Prince Fairyfoot" and "A Fortunate Opening." I hope Juan and Juanita got safely home to Mexico, and I am very much interested about the baby in "Jenny's Boarding-house." But I must stop now, so good-bye.

Your sincere friend,

ROBERT S. M.—

## ALTON, SIOUX CO., IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa gave you to me for Christmas. I think the "Brownies" very funny indeed; they make me laugh every time I see them. I enjoyed "Victor Hugo's Tales to his Grandchildren" very much. I am very anxious to hear the rest of "Juan and Juanita," it is such an interesting story. Mamma paints a great deal and I read aloud out of St. NICHOLAS to her. Ever remaining, your loving reader,

BESSIE S.—

## NASSAU, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We take your magazine in the schools and think it very nice. I see your paper has a story in it about a dog that does not eat when it rains. I thought I would write you a line about a lecture I heard one night a year ago.

The man said there was a little girl that went to a spring and picked up the cup and did not notice what was in it. It was a tree-toad, and it slipped down her throat, and she did not know it till it was down. Since that, she said it would often come up in her throat and make a little noise, and whenever it did so, it was sure to rain.

I remain, your true friend,

BERTRAM A. B.—

## DRESDEN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, and have been in Europe three years, and am going to spend the winter in Dresden. I have taken you for five years, and appreciate you more every year.

I have been ill for two months, and my greatest comfort has been to read your lovely stories. We have the beautiful picture gallery and lovely opera quite near, and we go very often.

I like Louisa Alcott's stories very much, and hope she will write more.

Your interested reader,

NEVA MAY V.—

## AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: To suspend a bottle from a match laid on the edge of a table may seem an impossible feat; but the experiment will prove how easily it may be accomplished. Tie a piece of twine securely around the neck of the bottle; then lay a match on the cork, hold it firmly, bring the ends of the twine up over it, and tie a tight knot, forming a loop. You may remove the match to show that you have simply tied a loop. Then insert the match through



the loop, rest one end on the cork, and lay the other on the projecting edge of a table where the bottle will swing clear of any obstruction. If the match is but an inch in length, it will support the bottle quite as readily and make the feat appear all the more surprising.

S. E. BOGGS.

ARNSIDE ROAD, OXTON, }  
CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to any magazine. I have wanted to write to you for a long time, to tell you how I love your magazine; it is the nicest one I have ever seen.

We have only taken you for one year, but we all love you dearly; and we all thought "Little Lord Fauntleroy" a charming tale, and I like "Juan and Juanita," as far as it has gone.

I am eleven, my brother nine, and my sister seven.

My brother and I learned that pretty comedy, "Dicky Dot," and acted it at a children's Band of Hope.

My little sister is too young to understand many of your tales, but she is very fond of the "Brownies," and always looks out for the "little man with the top hat, eye-glass, and stick."

The only pets we have are pigeons and a bad-tempered cat.

Your interested reader,

ETHEL.

MEXICO, MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you. I write this because I have never seen any letters in the St. Nicholas from Mexico. You may think it strange that I know English, but I have lived in New York seven years. There is a fine military school here in a castle on a high hill; it is called Chapultepec. When boys graduate, they get a salary for whatever they have studied for; a civil engineer, \$200 a month.

Yours truly, ALFONSO I. R.

P.S.—I am farther south than that girl in Savannah, and I assure you that the Southern friends love dear St. Nicholas.

MERTHYR TYDVIL, SOUTH WALES.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken St. Nicholas for a long time; it is the best book I have had yet, and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the prettiest tale I have ever read.

I was born in San Francisco; and when my mother died, my father brought me over to Wales. I live with my aunts now; they are very kind to me; they keep a school, and I am in it.

I don't know much about America, because I was only two years old when I was brought over. I have an uncle in Kansas, and I sometimes write to my cousin. I can play the piano, and I have begun to learn the violin, French, and Latin; if it is wet in the evenings, we have the trapeze, and I like that better than lessons.

My father lives in New Zealand, and I write to him very often. My birthday is on the 4th of July, and Auntie says it is a big day in America.

With much love, and wishing you a happy New Year, I am, dear St. Nicholas,  
Your loving reader,  
P. S.—I am nine years old. LOUIS J.

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write to you to tell you how much I enjoy this beautiful magazine. I receive it at the end of the year, bound in two volumes, as a Christmas present, and have taken it since 1874. I was very much interested in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and could hardly lay it aside for anything else until I had finished it. I enjoy the Letter-Box, and think the "Brownies" very funny, as I see most of the boys and girls of St. Nicholas do.

I am very anxious to go to school this winter, but as I have just recovered from a severe sickness, I think I shall have to wait awhile. I have only one bird for a pet. I do not seem to succeed very well with kittens and dogs, but I am very fond of all kinds of pets. I ride a very gentle pony named Topsey, and think there is nothing more pleasant.

Your loving reader, ALLIE C.

LEXINGTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls, and both of us are eight years old, so we are twins. We have n't many friends, because we don't go to school, but have dear Miss W. to teach us at home. We play with our pets. They are two Irish setter-dogs named Bob and Bess.

We ride on our Shetland ponies a great deal. On holidays we take our ponies, with Bob and Bess following after, and Timothy, one of our men, to show us the way, and take our lunch into the woods. Almost every night we ride down to the station to meet Papa, who goes to Boston every day to his business. To-day it rains, and we can not go out, so we thought we would write a letter to you. We took you last year for the first time, and liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" ever so much. We have it in a book now, and Miss W. reads it to us.

We like to read the letters in the Letter-Box. Miss W. corrected this for us, and Papa is going to take it to Boston and put it in the post-box.

Yours, with love,

RACHEL AND GRETCHEN W.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an Oppidan, and I wish to correct a few mistakes in the article published in the January number of your magazine. First of all, Eton claims the proud privilege, which it only shares with Winchester, of being a college, and not a school. Again, no boys under Middle Fifth can read in either school library. It would be termed "great side" of a lower boy. On the 4th of June the crews do not go to Henley, but to Surly, about four or five miles from Eton. Eton now never rows against Winchester, but occasionally encounters Radley at Henley Regatta. Hoping that you will publish this, Believe me, yours truly, AN ETONIAN.

MCKELLAR, ONTARIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen very few letters in your columns from Ontario. I live away in Parry Sound district, on the shores of the Georgian Bay. I have taken you since 1881, and I hope that I will not have to quit taking you for four or five years more. We have very few amusements up here. My favorite pastime is hunting. I have a shot-gun and a Winchester rifle. Game of all kinds abounds. From your admiring reader,

W. B. W. A.

OPELOUSAS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I must tell you how much I have learned to love you since our town reading circle, Rev. Mr. Lewis, President, first subscribed to you for my benefit, nearly two years ago, although the grown people enjoy reading you too. I am the only child in the reading circle. I love to read the letters, especially those from Russia, Australia, and all those far-away places. I have noticed that all the children tell you how many brothers and sisters they have, and how old they are. I suppose they think you take more interest in them, when you know something about them; if so, I must tell you I am twelve years old, and an only child; but I have so many to pet and love me, that I do not mind it much. I hope you will not get many letters before mine this year, so this will not be thrown in the waste basket. Hoping you will give me a welcome, I am, your loving reader, MAUDE DU R.



## AMELIA COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since I was seven years of age (and I am now twelve) my mamma has always given me a very nice book for one of my Christmas presents; but to my great surprise this year, among my other gifts, I found a beautifully bound book, entitled "ST. NICHOLAS." I really love reading, and so you may imagine the delightful time I have had in reading "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and all about the "Brownies"; and I do hope next year Mamma will give me another volume. With best wishes, your great admirer,

MABEL M.—

## TOMALES, MARIN CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our school takes ST. NICHOLAS, and now, as it is vacation, I am the first one, generally, to get it. I think very much of it.

I have many pets. Among them are a little monkey and a parrot. They have great times together. They fight all the time. Anything he sees you do, the monkey will do the same. I had a cat, and he choked it nearly to death. After doing this bit of mischief, I chained him up for two days, and now he acts much better. My parrot's name is Fred, and my monkey's name is Harry.

Your true reader, MINNIE M. K.—

## ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. I am spending the winter in Asheville, N. C. It is a very quaint old town. The people here ride on a horse, or a mule, or an ox. The scenery here is grand; there are high mountains rising all around. I have three sisters. We have a little pony; he will follow me anywhere.

I like "Juan and Juanita" very much, and hope it will turn out all right for the children. We have taken your magazine ever since I can remember, and like it very much.

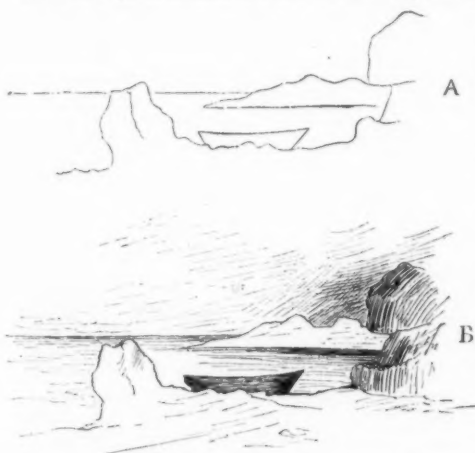
Yours truly, PERCY H. G.—

## ANOTHER FROST-PICTURE.

## BOSTON, MASS.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: In the February number of ST. NICHOLAS I saw a representation of a frost-picture on a pane of glass.

In January, 1882, on one of my windows, Jack Frost drew the outline of a picture as shown at A in the accompanying sketch.



It suggested to me (and required but little imagination) the picture at B, which I that morning placed in my note-book in order to preserve it. The frost-picture of Mr. Whiteley called it to remembrance. I send it only as a curiosity.

Yours respectfully, H. E. V.—

## PLANKINTON, DAK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your paper comes to me through the news-agent here, and no magazine or paper is hailed with as much genuine pleasure as is yours. The stories are so pure, fresh,

and so natural. I have often thought since I got my first copy, some three years ago, that I could not do without it, and I could not, I know. "Juan and Juanita" is a most excellent story, as is also "Lord Fauntleroy." I do not remember ever seeing a letter from Dakota. I suppose most of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS think Dakota out of the world,—a land of buffaloes and Indians. But they are mistaken. I live forty miles east of the Missouri River. We very rarely see Indians, and then they are civilized. We have very cold weather in winter. It has been as low as forty degrees below zero the past week. But in summer our country is quite pleasant. We have very beautiful flowers, and our two great pleasure resorts are Chamberlain on the Missouri River, and Wessington Springs. I spent a day and a half last summer at the latter place, and found it more beautiful than it had been pictured. The people are very energetic, and take great pride in beautifying their naturally beautiful place. Wessington Hills, though thirty or more miles from here, look to be hardly a mile at the times of the mirage, which is one of Dakota's greatest wonders. We once saw a windmill, which is five miles from town, plainly revolve. Such is Dakota. When she's nice she's very nice, and when she's not, she's horrid.

Believe me, your true friend and faithful reader,

BESSIE E. A.—

## NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about a doll's May-party we had in the country one summer.

My doll Bella was the Queen, because she was fair. She wore blue shoes and socks, a white tarlatan dress, and a veil and a wreath on her head. The maids-of-honor were Jeannette and Laura, my little cousin's dollies. They wore pink cashmere dresses, and the guests wore dresses of a variety of colors. We made all the dolls dance and talk, eat fruit and cake, etc. When the party was over, I discovered that the poor Queen had danced so hard that she had danced off one of her china legs, and her crown and veil were gone too. I was obliged to give up looking for the lost articles, for they were nowhere to be found; and Bella was, of course, very lame; but Clara (my little cousin) begged me to give Bella to her so that she could have her for a sick dollie. I think we were silly, now that I look back at it all; but I think, if I remember correctly, that I enjoyed it very much at the time. Yours truly, JOSIE M.—

We present our thanks, for pleasant letters received, to the young friends whose names here follow: Eleanor O., Millicent W., Anita B. C., Nellie J. P., "Adelaide" and "Penelope," G. Russell, "Holder Club," Eleanor H., Laura M. H., A. E. W., M. F., W. R., Ellen B. H., Mabelle S., Jessie B. W., John Gould R., Jack Bliss, Robert L. R., Fanny A. H., Jessamine B., A. L. H., S. Arthur Graves, Fanny E. McL., Agnes C., Theodore Simson, Roy Mc., Floy S., Allie M. L., Lillie C. F., Hattie S., Pauline L. D., Stewart M., Grace F. W., Louis Asher, Fullerton L. W., Ella B., Trudy, E. I. Brown, Katie R. S., Jay E. Carter, Elsea and Addie, Helen B., C. C. Stockton, Flora Frances S., Rebecca A. W., Roxy P., Maud Durrell, "Pusa," Nan, Henry S. D., Ruth C., Myra V., Robert J. H., Louise T., Ethel M., Mabel T., David W., Vera Rowe, H. L. Moore, Alfred B. C., A. M. P., Libby D., H. M. H., Eleanor Sewell G., Arthur K. F., A. S., Edwin K. C., Daisy M. B., Kirk J. E., Arthur T., Charles Gray, Carrie L. Morse, Julia McC., Sybil M. C., "Rob Roy," Edwin N. N., Ednor S., M. and B. Scott, Etta B. R., Mary M. C., Maidee T., Daisy May A., Jacqueline and Muriel, Gussie G., Winnie C., Ethel G., Gerald B. W., Bessie G. H., J. Walter Best, Wallace L. D., Ellen G. B., M. N., E. M. L., Ethel, Julian C. V., Annie G., Bina H., Sidney V., Earl R. D., Isabel D., Alice O. S., Ira, May 1 and 2, Dora E. T., Richard R., Miles B., Charlie C., Edna S. R., Dorville L. Jr., Kate M. H., Jenny H., Lynde T., Edith W., Kittie T., Clarke L. J., Hunter R., Jennie D. H., Margaret G. T. H., Edith M. K., Gracie N. H., Inez S. H., Florence S. H., Elizabeth L. G., Edna A. D., Henry F., Fanny D. B., John U. B., Lolo K., Guy R. H., Carrie G. A., Beatrice S. H., Punch Millar, Stella A. G., Bessie B. W., Edith May C., Ralph F. B., Willie and Lyle, Adrian T., E. W. Bridgeman, Agnes J. A., M. A. J., Fanny R. M., Caro L. Du B., Ernestine D., J. L. R., May L. E. H., A Subscriber, Gretchen L., B. C. Cole, Gertrude G., Hattie S., Una R. J., Edith S., Helen L. M., Arthur C. M., Helena B. B., Two Mites' Band, Lucy L. C., "Yum Yum," Geo. W. S., Bessie De W. W., E. B., Laura L., May D., Wild Rose, Alta D. F., Carrie B., Edward S. G., Two Little Maids, Ida M. C., Hattie F., Bertha R., Kitty S. B., Louis P., Frank C., Bessie S., Richard S. S., Eva A. B., Minnie, Oswald L., Nannie L., Phebe V., Geo. A. M., Mildred S., Gerie E. Moore, Ned Evans, Laura P., Etta K., Ed. C. C., Alice C., Charles W. L., Polly B., Bessie M. B. and Grace L.

## LIST OF THE NAMES OF SOLVERS OF "THE KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."—(CONTINUED.)

(See ST. NICHOLAS for April, page 478.)

FROM 50 TO 60.—(Continued.) "Tracy," C. B. Knight, G. P. K. F. A. Marvin, L. McK. Champlin, A. D. Hall, I. and E. McCready, A. M. Hammond, H. and B. Dawes, Daisy Dean, S. W. Jones, M. Hallett, I. Welch, H. R. Kellogg, C. P. F. E. Hendon, A. W. Makooski, M. Gray, M. M. and G. Hopkins, F. and W. Morrison, R. H. Valle, C. R. F., R. E. Conger, M. D. R., A. C. Webster, "Sun, Moon, and Stars," R. S. Dana, M. A. Groff, R. N. Woodbridge, A. S. and C. M. Linney, B. H. Putnam and others, M. H. Sloc, M. D. Kirby, A. S. Donnelly, C. A. B., C. H. Smith, "Palm Tree," C. Whitzey, Park R. D., "Ruby," R. G. Perkins, F. G., B. O. Russell, Bertha C. P., K. S. P., H. S. Thompson, E. K. Martin, C. Jamp, "San Anselmo Valley," C. and G. Stratton, M. L. Merrill, "John Quill," M. G. Foster, C. N. B. C. S. and H. Bostwick, A. H. W., W. L. H., M. E. Nye, "Zyx," H. S. Dornitzer, W. M. Blinks, M. P. Hunter, A. Harvey, H. S. E., M. W. Dame, I. H. Hall, H. L. Bigelow, J. Homan, H. Griffith, C. J. D., W. C. Emerson, F. H. Searer, E. R. Woodruff, H. H. Meadows, "Mary," "Hert Ball," O. Smith, L. B. Justice, L. A. Hobbs, L. R. Thompson, G. G. Dennett, "Hilltop," "Budge," J. E. Sharp, N. and A. Kent, F. Hudson, H. Oustin, E. Hyde, E. Hill, A. Moore, J. M. Maynard, B. C. Wheeler, I. E. Cotton, F. Wardwell, T. P. Woodward, L. T. V. G. Vellie, Fox Bros., J. H. Browne, M. Smith, M. B. E., "Ouidus," A. S. Murphy, W. G. Libby, "Snip," N. Freeman, "Ben Zeene" and "Tom Ansat," G. F. De Wein, G. Schute, "Marchioness," I. A. Hackett, J. B. D. and M. F. D., G. T. Rowland, B. Stuart, R. C. Beas, F. E. Bonsteel, E. S. Parke, "Trudie, Lee, and Scotty," F. H. Hamilton, E. G. M., A. S. Read, J. B. Potter, M. L. Haines, J. L. P., "Cub," C. C. Hyatt, S. S. Posey, "The Jays," Dorothy, Helen, and Mabel, E. L. Mills, K. Nelson, J. M. Field, A. Love R., N. Burton, L. P. Crawford, E. Lee, S. C. F. Potter, H. Greene, F. D. Stone, E. Cooper, "Gopht," C. Goodhue, Molly and Ted, "Mohawk Valley," E. C. Reifnyder, "Aio," J. F. Spear, K. F. S., W. Davey, Ida, Alice, Jessie and Lucy, G. D. McKinney, M. L. Eabes, B. Tucker, C. H. Royce, "Reader," A. R. Treddick, A. R. Barrow, J. R. P., H. B. MacKoy, Astoria, A. T. P., D. Jackson, I. and E. Swanwick, Mrs. A. F. Crole, J. G. R. Flemming, F. P. Price, M. Petsch, "Hycantine," L. C. Jones, F. H. Roberts, J. Tolson, N. Hovey, B. A. Mayhew, "Commune," D. A. Porter, J. R. De Witt, A. B. F., I. Parmelee, L. A. Bragdon, J. C. Coleman, Jr., L. E. Dains, M. M. Hewitt, H. L. and S. R. Swan, O. T. Crissey, S. Bassett, Carrie G. H., G. C. Brown, M. Leake, G. Maw, L. D. Cree, J. A. Taylor, C. S. Seaver, W. P. Smith, H. E. S., A. E. Paret, H. Blydenburgh, A. L. Brown, "The Spencers," L. F. Entwistle, "Lulu," A. W. S. and C. H. K., J. and B. Corbus, R. McA. Leland, F. G. Barlow, M. S. Betts, M. L. Radcliffe, A. Forster, A. Holliday, "Pansy," M. E. Smith, L. S. Love, S. M., B. S. Newhall, M. D. Emery, J. A. H. H., L. Harris, L. B. Stevens, M. Hempstead, W. H. Graves, "Jacques," Nellie and Tom, W. Russ Wilkins, G. and G. Shoup, "Late," and M. Bartlett, C. J. Downey, H. W. Warner, R. W. Bradley, R. S. Hooker, M. M. Wolfe, C. N. B. C. W. C. Emerson, A. L. Liebmann, F. H. Vincill, H. O. Oakley, G. P. Paine, F. S. Fay, M. L. Cromwell, S. Packard, E. C. and E. F. Staples, W. P. Sullivan, A. Baker, S. M. Pollock, S. M. Spencer, Jr., L. E. Piper, I. M. G., M. H. Allen, S. Fleisher, A. Moore, H. W. Cowles, Bessie and Mabel R., N. F. Cary, Mrs. W. G. Robbins, I. Murray, C. C. Wright, M. Burton, F. B. Noonan, L. A. M., M. C. Davis, May B., A. M. Wickam, G. A. Ferguson, H. Savari, L. M. Brownson, B. B. Holmes, M. A. Tilden, A. S. Fulton, C. and E. Bourland, M. Thompson, F. G. French, L. Giles, E. Conway, W. L. Grant, H. G. and W. E. R. Morgan, E. A. B., G. W. Emmerson, G. H. and M. B. G., "Pollux," L. B. K., S. Chester, E. Herbert, Mrs. C. H. Raynor, C. S. Parker, Mrs. J. H. Brewer, "Priscilla and G. Washington," C. W. Frederic, F. White, A. R. Vredenburgh, E. I. Brown, C. R. Osborne, O. B. Dilson, "Sotsy and Wotsy," E. Dean, R. C. Porter, F. W. M. and H. L. M., A. E. Linn, H. R. Holmes, "Peggoty," J. L. Nelson, R. M. McCloud, L. C. Norris, L. S. Johnson, P. L. Anderson, L. D. Case, K. J. Drumm, M. Marston and W. Kerr, E. Brooke, C. Cooley, M. F. Smith, "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," M. Reynolds, "Busy Bee," Connie and Annie, R. S. Sinclair, Les deux Cousins, C. F. Doyle, Jr., L. F. Warren, B. E. Smith, E. W. Barian, F. Warren, J. C. Burrell, "Miss Flint," B. E. K., Mrs. Wilson, J. M. Wile, J. H. and B. Dawes, P. T. Burrows, G. F. R., W. B. Smith, E. F. De Witt, Mrs. C. M. Leete, L. Bell, E. Clark, V. B. Belpas, F. A. Cooke, H. M. Slade, V. Barrett, M. E. Ladd, B. Hunt, J. H. Bulman, A. M. Grozelier, E. A. P., W. S. Greene, J. H. D., "Mess," "B. M. C.," M. L. Gerrish, "Jo and I," E. M. K., "Malice," C. Wettstein, "Puck," L. B. Kimball, L. Freeman, R. Wood and C. White, F. R. F., J. C. Breckinridge, Jr., M. Kennard, A. C. Willetts, "Ninipin," E. Rayner, J. Earle, "Francis," "Bootles' Baby," G. W. M. B. G. P. B., F. and M. Galloway, K. A. T. R., W. T. A., W. R. Parsons.

FROM 45 TO 50.—S. D., A. M. S. and H. A. M., E. Prescott, C. A. Lee, L. E. Henon, T. Jenks, R. K. M., W. J. Greanille, A. N. Frink, A. Aldrich, L. V. K., J. C. Parsons, L. A. H., R. Wilkinson, A. B. Shaw, Bessie and Carrie, B. P. Hale, Lillie M. M., C. H. Strang, E. S. Fechtmeier, F. F. Evans, H. H. Burdick, R. Strang, C. J. Brown, F. I. and G. W. Whittemore, J. Hirschinger, C. L. Hoffman, J. Moore, H. G. Walker, M. Taylor, "Lady Macbeth and Juliet," A. B. E., W. H. S., M. C. Wight, F. S. Henderson, L. H. Cole, E. Stockwell, Ruth H., E. Robins and M. R. Thouron, F. M. Hicok, "Two Lous," A. Travis, "Puzzler," A. Adams, M. D. Du Bois, M. Butler, S. Hubbell, M. L. Westgate, A. H. R. and M. G. R., S. O. Haven, B. Hamrick, J. Kaplan, M. C. Keene, N. S. Conover, L. Collins, M. Passano, J. L. March, L. J. Arrowsmith, "May-Lou," B. H. Smith, M. Boise, E. White, G. A. Hall, I. W. and A. P., Joe, Ella, and Emma, A. Fitch, J. P. Richardson, "Pansy and Liliac," L. Arder, L. J. Frankenthal, F. Adams, M. M., "Two Redheads," R. Eugene, C. M. Smith, G. L. S. Parker, G. A. Toffey, L. M. Keith, W. Chapman, C. and S. McLaren, E. Brookes, J. H. M. R., "Clifford and Coco," H. Langel, R. C., Glen Ridge, C. S. Gore, "The McA's," C. D. H., S. L. Fox, J. Dobell, Vivian V., W. D. Keep, "Don Guzman," M. Carver, A. T. Day, E. MacElroy, H. C. Woodman, "Ohnia," B. Koehler, F. B. Morse, J. C. Howell, C. Mischka, A. Cadwell, J. F. Roberts, J. C. Newlin, J. J. Shuman, L. C. Dunkerson, G. A. Muns, M. Crosby, K. W. Nelson, W. A. Adriance, E. H. E. R. Babcock, A. F. Lewis, M. Bombsay, Deerfoot, E. Haswell, F. Gibbs, R. E. B., P. Wood, H. Norwood, L. W. T. and M. S. E., C. E. Slocum, B. Suppiger, E. R. Jones, E. G. Davis, H. Biggeret, M. A. Travis, A. D. Pratt, H. Wagner, A. G. Baker, G. F. Koon, J. S. C., M. and H. Hall, "Castor and Pollux," M. A. Locke, S. Sax, L. Pinney, E. Reizenstein, C. B. Wiener, A. H. Woodward, H. Murray, Mrs. F. M. Tompkins, L. Ward, "Etc.," W. G. Peck, H. Rommel, Mrs. C. H. Emmons, M. Burns, E. M. Aiken, N. Hamilton, J. F. McBrien, E. A. Warren, S. G. B., S. G. T., Jr., F. W. Crosby, Ross Street, L. H. S., Clara and Robert, L. A. Logan, Ned and Abbie, C. Howe, F. A. Tooker, G. Capen, H. A. Whiting, N. E. Winer, G. C. and J. G. F. and M. Dashiell, J. M. Nye, E. T. C., V. and L., Chris, K. M. Mason, H. and J. Hamilton, E. E. Gisburne, M. B. Stabler, M. B., "Nemo," F. E. Stanton, Dora, C. M. Moore, S. H. Teall, Grace and Adda, M. Connolly, G. Daniels, N. Baur, Professor and Co., M. E. Mixer, E. Kirudson, A. T. Miner, L. Levan, A. R. Stevens, M. C. Jones, "O for Jones," G. M. Raymond, Blanche and Fred, O. Penning, F. W. Merritt, A. C. M. Lloyd, W. K. Dorr, F. W. Phelps, C. M. Hunter, A. M. Gunter, M. B. Lake, F. M. Dodge, E. Kemp, N. Clark, "S. L. and Teetotaler," G. L. M., H. E. D., F. E. Barton, E. F. Knips, C. S. D. P., J. Sewell, C. Robinson, L. D. Buell, G. H. Sargeant, G. H. Pumphrey, B. and S., G. C. Gammon, P. Overlin, S. Yeates, L. J. Owen, M. Walton, M. R. Brown, P. Granbery, Alice S., S. Comstock, L. D. Hart, S. A. Franks, H. F. Shrimpton, O. Wheeler, E. L. Nichols, M. McC., F. S. Church, C. Orcutt, P. Ferris, H. I. Knechler, P. Allen, M. E. Locke, H. P. Gur, L. C. Baker, F. P. Ripley, A. Brooks, Isabel C. A., D. and B. Cumming, R. D. Spry, E. C. H., L. B. Cain, C. P. Reed, L. Maxon, A. E. Abernethy, I. E. M., H. T. Gould, A. V. Pierce, C. T. Wilder, J. L. Hildreth, J. J. Craig, P. Reese, "Nemo," Mollie, J. Lindsley, E. L. Umpleby, Tet, C. E., N. S. and E. E. Carey, S. Rutledge, I. Lebermann, Lorane, A. and E. Williamson, O. Smith, E. E. Carman, M. S. Tracy, B. F. and J. W. H. Porter, L. Sparks, A. McLengane, E. Stanton, M. and R. Cole, "C. Blossom, R. and Le R. Odyke, L. G. A., H. J. Woodworth, Mayo, F. G. Adams, F. Botsford, M. P. Hitchcock, R. M. F., G. C. Tyler, E. C. G. D. H. B., P. R. Coates, E. Stoy, W. R. Fisher, C. L. A., M. D. Seese, F. A. and C. P. Foster, N. Norris, L. G. Parkinson, F. Allen, B. Richards, M. C. Eames, G. H. Cursey, "Gift," "Somebody," "Checkmate," S. E. Clapp, E. M. Poland, A. Hinman, E. Riffle, H. L. S. and W. F., A. Dursey, Grace E. K., E. Van Deusen, S. Pierce, E. S. Black, K. W. and L. A. Denison, R. Fudge, A. W. Boeaurer, N. Oglevee, T. B. Robinson, E. D. Colwell, E. G. Fias, "Pie," H. L. Eason, R. C. MacLea, A. Zagallo, M. F. Miller, L. Prior, O. Engelman, W. S. F., G. W. Smith, E. C. Gardner, "Eureka," "Brightwood," F. Moss, F. C. Waller, W. G. Little, L. Wilson, E. Crocker, H. E. Deats, I. Erhardt, L. A. Hallock, C. E. Ruth, D. C. D., Nannie D., R. W. Meyers, A. G. Farwell, B. K. Marshall, E. Embros, M. S. Searls, C. F. Hoacland, J. de P. Watts, G. D. O., W. S. Gilles, "May and 79," M. L. Masters, G. E. M., Nina, A. F. Van Bibber, F. P. Loomis, S. J. Howe, A. C. Nelson, M. Prentiss, A. W. Jamison, F. Eaton, H. H. Clark, A. D. F., Mignon, S. E. Martin, S. E. W., E. Pickings, E. Phillips, M. E. A., E. G. W., Winnie and Rhoda, A. H. Withington, J. Chubb, H. C. F. McCreery, "The Doctor," A. B. C. W. L. Fenn, "Hobogogin," H. A. Kuehn, M. Simon, N. L. Howes, I. J. Fisher, R. Lyon, F. A. Bryant, S. Mulhull, E. L. Hanington, P. M. W., Willie and Katie, S. F. Hall, E. S. Griffith, M. F. Paul, G. J. Graves, Jr., A. L. Pickett, L. Arnold, C. M. Gray, M. N. Stokes, J. D. Flandrau, J. A. Janney, E. L. Young, K. K. Brainerd, F. J. Campbell, C. L. Smith, A. and J. Brevoort, B. Hofford, E. E. Sprague, W. D. Van Blascom, S. Tollansbee, M. S., A. L. Schneckner, G. P. Hitchcock, W. L. Cochran, A. Taylor, E. C. Moreley, A. Johnson, "Nan," A. Eldridge, A. and F. Walmsley, M. Haney, Agnes J. B., A. E. Anderson, "Fire-fly," M. A. C., H. M. Jones, N. M. Bond, "Theo. Ther," C. Appel, "Ordie," J. Christian, E. H. Sackett, Albert and Grace, E. M. S., S. D. M., S. E. Dick, W. A. Payne, W. A. Preston, Jr., Sadie W., E. F. Howard, J. Tryon, E. M. Bennett, M. and E. Upton, Otis S., M. Higby, S. Collins, S. M. L., G. L. M., C. B. Pratt, G. D. Leach, Winnie B. A. and H. W., F. S. Salisbury, W. S. A., E. and K. Weld, M. C. N., S. C. W., B. Tenby, F. H. Gregory, I. H. Peck, H. M. A., O. J. Healing. (To be continued.)

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

EASY GREEK CROSS. 1. 1. Harp. 2. Aren. 3. Reap. 4. Papa. 11. 1. Haap. 2. Anna. 3. Snip. 4. Papa. 111. 1. Papa. 2. Arid. 3. Pine. 4. Aden. IV. 1. Aden. 2. Dire. 3. Eras. 4. Nest. V. 1. Aden. 2. Dove. 3. Even. 4. Nero.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Thermometer.  
SOME EASTER EGGS. Cross-words: 1. Entrance. 2. Talisman. 3. Disguise. 4. Scatters. 5. Speakers. 6. Armature. 7. Tracile. 8. Veinage. 9. Madrigal. 10. Carressed. Zigzag, from 1 to 10, Easter-tide; from 11 to 10, Easter eggs.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Palanquin; finals, Cabriolet. Cross-words: 1. Pacific. 2. ArenA. 3. LamB. 4. AmecR. 5. NaomI. 6. QuartO. 7. Unequal. 8. InvitE. 9. NuggeT.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. 1. 1. R. 2. Lot. 3. Royal. 4. Tan. 5. I. 11. 1. L. 2. Set. 3. Lemur. 4. Tun. 5. R. 111. 1. L. 2. Net. 3. Lever. 4. Tea. 5. R. IV. 1. L. 2. Nut. 3. Lunar. 4. Tar. 5. R. V. 1. R. 2. Air. 3. Ripen. 4. Red. 5. N.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In consequence of advancing the date of issue, hereafter answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New-York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from E. Ripley—Clifford and Coco—Bessie Jackson—Mary Ludlow—R. B. Stone—Nellie and Reggie—San Anselmo Valley—Harry H. Meeder—Percy H. Thomas—Edward L. Lyon—K. G. S.—M. E. P.—Paul Keese—"Three Innocents"—Francis W. Isip—Tony Atkinson—"Blithedale."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Charlie and Herbert, 2—Ramona, 1—F. E. L., 1—C. T. R., 11—M. F. C., 1—Maggie T. Turill, 11—Bea and Kit, 4—H. M. Rochester, 1—Buff and M., 1—J. D. Mal-lory, 1—F. N. K., 1—Primary, 1—Lotta, 3—Uno and Ino, 2—J. M. G., 7—L. H. L. and R. D. S. M., 8—Alice and Belle, 1—Patience, 10—H. W. G., 2—Don, 2—Bess, 11—W. R. Moore, 11—J. G. Vogt, 5—Jamie and Mamma, 7—Puffy, 2—Bluebell, 1—Sidney, 2—"Wild Rose," 1—Puss, 2—Mab, 1—Hildegard and Eloise, 2—"Mother Cary's Chickens," 1—Yellow Kitten, 1—Eva Smith, 3—C. Griffith, 1—Hyacinthe, 2—"Tycoon," 1—J. H. Batchelor, 2—Somitodye, 1—Lucy L. Brookes, 6—Effie K. Tal-boys, 8—Family Kid, 6—B. D. P., 11—L. H. L. and D. M., 2—Professor and Co., 8—J. N. Carpenter, 1—L. H. W., 3—Puck, 2—Fred W. Mile, 1—"Friends," 9—Martha Barrie, 11—Murphy, 1—Percy Varian, 8—"Sally Lunn" and "Johnny Cake," 8—Claude Sull, 3—Adonis and Rosetta, 1—No Name, 2—Marigold and Carnation, 4—"May and Jo," 9—"Roude," 2—S. and B. Rhodes, 10—W. G. U., 1—Princess, 2—Madeleine E. P., 1—E. A. Baumann, 1—L. C. B., 6—Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, 4—Lock and Key, 4—H. D. H., 1—Tad, 1—Mamma and Jean, 1—Elsie R. S., 1—Gladys Delavie, 1—"Le Brecht," 7—R. H. and P. M., 11—Belle Abbott, 2—"Fanned," 9—B. Z. G., 11—"F. A. Mily," 8—"Lehte," 5—W. K. C., 3—J. L. H. and E. B. H., 3—"Electric Button," 11—G. L. M., 8—"Council of Three," 9—N. L. Howes, 6—A. G. L., 8—"L. Rettop," 5—L. L. B., 2—Jones Children, 1—"Two Cousins," 7.

## TRIANGLE.

1  
2 9  
3 . 10  
4 . . 11  
5 . . . 12  
6 . . . . 13  
7 . . . . . 14  
8 . . . . . . 15

READING ACROSS: 1. In familiar. 2. A verb. 3. A word which expresses assent. 4. A wharf. 5. To seize and hold possession of wrongfully. 6. An inhabitant of a certain northern country. 7. Endless. 8. To mention.

From 1 to 8, the name of a famous poem; from 9 to 15, an object which will soon be quite common. "KATASHA."

## AN ANAGRAMMATICAL PUZZLE.

FROM one word of thirteen letters every word in the following sen-tence may be formed. No letter is used twice in any word unless it occurs as many or more times in the original word, which contains the five vowels of the English alphabet in their regular order. What is the word of thirteen letters?

"I can count one nose on a face, ten toes on feet; use an ounce of tea; sit at ease on a fence to cast a net; cut fustian into a fine coat; entice an acute cousin to factious action; tease ten cats in a season; cast an aunt's faction into aeons of fusion; cite facts to fasten sin on a saint."

CHARLEY B.

## BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD unfinished and leave a verb. 2. Behead tart and leave a famous epic poem. 3. Behead a contest and leave a unit. 4. Behead a journey and leave a pronoun. 5. Behead injury and leave an inlet of water from the sea. 6. Behead a presage and leave man-

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. Upper square: 1. Mead. 2. Ease. 3. Asia. 4. Dean. Lower square: 1. Slat. 2. Lane. 3. Anil. 4. Tell. Diagonals, Mainsail.

PI.  
Come up, April, through the valley,  
In your robes of beauty drest,  
Come and wake your flowery children  
From their wintry beds of rest.  
Come and overflow them nobly  
With the sweet breath of the south;  
Drop upon them, warm and loving,  
Tenderest kisses of your mouth.

EASY CUBE. From 1 to 2, heaven; 2 to 4, nation; 3 to 4, red-den; 1 to 3, hinder; 5 to 6, gander; 6 to 8, rodent; 7 to 8, aprout; 5 to 7, genius; 1 to 5, hang; 2 to 6, near; 4 to 8, nest; 3 to 7, rags.

CONNECTED PYRAMIDS. Reading across: 1. P. 2. All. 3. Green. 4. Rotator. 5. S. 6. Cub. 7. Aural. 8. Impetus. Centrals downward, Pleasure.

kind. 7. Behead wisdom and leave metal. 8. Behead obscure and leave a place of safety. 9. Behead an image and leave to study.

The beheaded letters spell the name of a man whom Americans should honor.

"LITTLE TYCOON."

## CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To muse. 2. Benches. 3. Supported. 4. A tree whose leaves are used for decoration. 5. A kind of high shoe anciently worn.

The central letters, reading downward, spell the surname of an American general.

When the letters forming this name have been removed, the remain-ing letters of the cross-words answer to the following definitions:

1. A small quantity. 2. Places. 3. A hard substance. 4. Sacred. 5. A small animal.

E. COFFEE THURSTON.

## WORD-SQUARE.

1. The center. 2. Impetuous. 3. To be in accord. 4. Pipes. 5. A ringlet.

"ODD FISH."

## STAR PUZZLE.

1  
\* \* \* \* \*  
4 \* \* \* \* \* 5  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
2 \* \* \* \* \* 3  
\* \* \* \* \*  
6

FROM 1 to 2, fault; from 1 to 3, sharply notched; from 2 to 3, capable of being touched; from 4 to 5, a souvenir; from 4 to 6, a species of parrot; from 5 to 6, an elaborate discourse.

"MYRTLE GREEN."



EACH of the twenty little pictures in the above illustration suggests the name of a bird. Name the birds in the order in which they are numbered.

G. B.

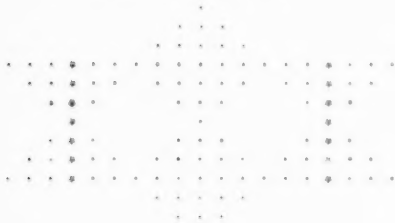
### RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. To spin. 2. Frames for holding pictures. 3. To threaten. 4. Wheel-shaped. 5. A rent-roll. 6. Narrated.

DOWNWARD: 1. In digress. 2. A pronoun. 3. An engine of war. 4. A tribe mentioned in the Bible. 5. General meaning. 6. Puffs up. 7. Not plentiful. 8. A feminine name. 9. To consume. 10. An article much used by the French. 11. In digress.

"PICKWICK."

### COMBINATION PUZZLE.



I. LEFT-HAND HOUR-GLASS. ACROSS: 1. A large city. 2. Linen. 3. A young animal. 4. In kindness. 5. Fast. 6. A fish. 7. Warded off. Centrals, reading downward, more juvenile.

II. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In kindness. 2. To be ill. 3. To abrogate. 4. Related by birth or marriage. 5. Very pale. 6. Induced. 7. In kindness.

III. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In kindness. 2. Mankind. 3. A bird of the parrot family. 4. Determined. 5. An old word meaning a spot. 6. Very small. 7. In kindness.

IV. RIGHT-HAND HOUR-GLASS. ACROSS: 1. In the form of a

knot. 2. A dance. 3. Always. 4. In kindness. 5. To interrogate. 6. Nimble. 7. To differ in opinion. Centrals, reading downward, a famous hero.

"SOLOMON QUILL."

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials spell the Christian name, and my finals the surname, of an English poet who was killed at the siege of Zutphen.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Seven stars of the constellation Taurus. 2. Sincerely. 3. Excited. 4. To make longer. 5. Rude. 6. A boastful display of knowledge.

FRANK S.

### HISTORICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of nineteen letters, and am the name of a famous Egyptian king.

My 8-3-6-1-14-7 was a Roman general. My 1-3-5-4-1-9-10 was a small town which was the seat of a famous oracle. My 12-5-19-3-1 was a fabulist. My 13-10-13-3 was a celebrated queen of Carthage. My 6-14-6-8-17-10-19 was an ancient Egyptian city. My 8-15-12-2-3 was an Athenian philosopher. My 2-10-2-18-19 was an emperor of the Romans. My 4-7-13-10-12 was a country of Asia Minor. My 6-10-10-2-13-5-2-3-14 was an object of superstitious veneration by the Druids. My 18-1-7-19-10-5-19 was a famous Greek hero. My 12-2-2-10-4-12 was a famous king of the Huns. My 2-9-12-4-14-19 was the most celebrated of the seven Grecian sages. My 19-7-4-15-12 was a noted Roman tyrant.

"EPAMINONDAS."

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cotton, but not in silk;  
My second in coffee, but not in milk;  
My third is in wet, but not in dry;  
My fourth is in scream, but not in cry;  
My fifth is in lark, but not in sparrow;  
My sixth is in wide, but not in narrow;  
My seventh in pain, but not in sting;  
My whole is a flower that blooms in spring.

JAMES.





